JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE

The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXXIX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27, 1934 NUMBER 1021

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The Week

SINCE the recent visit of the cogent Mr. John Maynard Keynes to the White House, with a new version of his well known contention that the only way to get out of the depression is for the government to embark on a large borrowing and spending program, it is rumored that the President has turned away from the budget-balancers among his official family and is prepared to enlarge again the program of relief and other expenditures in the extraordinary budget. Mr. Keynes is right, we believe, in contending that the only recovery registered so far is largely a reflection of government spending, and that the only recovery to be expected in the next few months will arise from the same source. We do not think it follows, however, that an expansion of output and employment could have been achieved in no other way, or that recovery will continue when government spending tapers off. The public-spending policy needs a companion in the regulation of private business—a policy to prevent action from pocketing all the benefits by means of high prices and profits. If the lack of balance between prices of manufactured products on the one hand, and farmers' and wage earners' income on the other, could be corrected, it would not be necessary for the government to spend so much. In that case farmers and wage earners could buy more and recovery would have a better chance of continuing.

"RESTLESS Germany meets dissatisfied Italy!" With this epigrammatic sentence Le Temps characterizes the Venice meeting of the two "strong men" of Europe. Mussolini's and Hitler's problems have many aspects in common. In Germany, opposition is raising its head in a thousand forms, increasing the burdens of a government already heavy laden with the cares of a growing industrial and financial crisis. Conditions in Italy are almost as bad. Behind the curtains of a rigid censorship one catches glimpses of anti-fascist demonstrations, strikes and boycotts against government institutions in all parts of the country. The spirit that speaks out of the demand recently voiced by the official fascist labor-union federation, for a trade-union movement independent of the fascist party and state, reflects the growing articulateness of the opposition. Here, too, financial problems are leading to organizational resistance that will sooner or later menace the stability of the present regime. In vain Italian representatives have applied to Paris and London for loans that would help Mussolini to meet these mounting difficulties. Both France and Great Britain would have liked to help for political reasons, but the Italian situation holds out too little promise of repayment.

WHAT Italy is learning after fifteen years of its ignoble experiment—that fascism is no cure for the ills of a capitalist world—Germany has found out in eighteen months. It is the realization of their failure to meet the problems they set out to solve that impelled the Duce and the Führer to meet in Venice to create a fascist united front. If the system of "authoritative democracy" is to live and hold its own against world opposition, the two outstanding representatives of the fascist philosophy must stop fighting each other for domination on the

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tion will have to be found. Whether they will succeed in finding it, one can at present merely conjecture. It seems certain that the two came to an understanding on the Austrian question. This fall Austria will hold elections in which the Dollfuss National Front and the National Socialist party will place candidates in the field. The result will presumably be a coalition government, which will presently crowd the little Chancellor and his followers out of the picture. Hitler has promised his Italian brother-dictator that direct *Anschluss* would be dropped and for the present will keep his promise. Austria will retain territorial independence. But the significance of an Austria controlled by National Socialists is plain. Chancellor Dollfuss spent the night before Hitler's flight to Venice dictating a twenty-four-page memorandum to the Italian Premier in which he discussed the Austrian situation from every angle. But Austria is the pawn in a larger game. That is an aspect that the provincial mind of the Austrian leader has failed fully to realize.

WITH Austria Hitler gained his end. What was Mussolini's objective? First, to strengthen his own position by bringing Germany back into the Disarmament Conference and the League of Nations. The Italian statesman had created the Four Power Pact to sidetrack the League and to check the growing pretensions to European domination of his French and British rivals. But the appearance of the Soviet Union, the Little Entente and Poland on the European scene as Powers to be reckoned with, upset his calculations. The Four Power Pact lost importance, while Russia's entry into the League will give that body new scope in world affairs. That is why Italy and Germany are so bitterly opposed to "bloc politics" in general (in so far as these are developed and maintained without and against their advice and guidance) and against the Franco-Russian understanding in particular. For this reason it is safe to assume that Hitler made definite promises to Mussolini on the League question. Germany will insist on arms equality as the price for reëntry and, after the requisite amount of dickering, will accept less. In return the Duce will have offered his German partner a sort of "silent partnership" in the Balkans, an opening that would give German fascism a certain amount of influence in the Italian-Hungarian-Austrian alliance which had threatened to block its expansionist plans. With Italy's help Hitler's bankrupt dream of a "Greater Germany" has received a new lease of life.

THE continuing disturbance in Cuba is further evidence, if any were needed, that the Mendieta regime is far from being acceptable to the whole of the island. Probably no other one could be, either; the division between radical and conservative in that country is now so strong that under any government there is bound to be a dissident minority. What is needed is a government that will represent a majority, and that a regime a good deal nearer to satisfying a majority than Mendieta's might be—and probably will be—set up. The United States has now announced the abrogation of the Platt Amendment, but the shadow of our influence in Cuba is still a strong one. It has been felt by every regime since (and of course including) Machado's. What the country needs is a new election completely free from foreign influence. Even the government then set up might not, as we have indicated, be a stable one; but at least its instability would result from internal and unavoidable factors, and not from pressure by Wall Street or Washington.

IN HIS foreign policy, even more than in his domestic one, Mr. Roosevelt proceeds in a rather happy-go-lucky manner. His latest suggestion in regard to the war debts was obviously an afterthought, tossed off in reply to the British note; and within forty-eight hours, the American government was doing all it could to cancel the suggestion. Great Britain having said that debt payments can only be made in goods or services, the American government announced that it would be glad to see payments of this sort attempted. But as Mr. Roosevelt and Secretary Hull evidently realized a little later, payment in goods would be bitterly opposed by American producers of the same or competing products, and would upset our foreign trade, already in a highly precarious and enfeebled state. Payment in services would mean primarily transporting American goods in British ships—and just when we have spent hundreds of millions in subsidies to keep our flag on the sea. As for the idea that Great Britain cede to us Bermuda or Jamaica, it is fantastic. In the first place, it would create an insular Alsace-Lorraine whose citizens would fight to the death to get back under the British flag. In the second place—and this is the real nub of the matter—neither Great Britain or any other debtor now cares in the least whether anything more is paid on the debt. Our suggestions for compromise are just about ten years too late.

WHEN the revolutionary tradition in the United States was fresher than it is now, we used to offer asylum to all political refugees from foreign oppression. Now, however, our rulers take care that sanctuary is given only to members of oppressing classes fleeing a revolution. Special action has been taken by Congress to prevent the White Russians from being sent back to the Soviet Union against their will. This is all very well. But the House amended Senator Copeland's bill "to make sure," in the words of the Associated Press, "that residence here of political and religious refugees other than the Russians would not be legalized." Representative Blanton of Texas declared: "It's a bill for Americanism as opposed to Bolshevism." As we understand it, the Americanism of Representative Blanton vibrates in harmony with those who, in the

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system in agriculture and a union of Church and State. But it will not tolerate members of the "lower classes" who attempt to introduce democracy into industry and abolish the rule of private wealth. We have come a long way from Thomas Jefferson.

ALABAMA comes up to the expected scratch. She has just given the Democratic nomination (which means the state election) for Governor to that chief of the Klaverns, Bibb Graves, the discredited Klan governor who retreated from office in 1931. Now he comes back on one of those perennially nauseating political hook-ups: on a "liberal," anti-utility, pro-Roosevelt platform he is backed by a heterogeneous combination of local industrial interests. He has appealed to the reviving Klan sentiment of the state, has openly reorganized the decaying Klaverns, and has capitalized to the utmost the fierce local hostility stirred up by the Scottsboro case. Graves is very pro-Roosevelt; but he has gone up and down Alabama denouncing the "outside" attorneys who "interfered" in the Scottsboro case and "embarrassed our courts." He is for a law to disbar "outside" attorneys from taking such cases. That Mr. Graves knows his Alabama is shown by the fate of James E. Horton, the judge who attempted to conduct the Scottsboro trials as though they were matters for legal determination rather than legally whitewashed lynchings. He has been defeated for renomination in the Morgan County primaries.

THE lynching of Norris Dendy, described in The New Republic June 16, 1934, has been officially filed as a closed incident by the State of South Carolina. The closing was a coöperative effort of the forces of unorganized terrorism and of official formality. In February the Laurens County grand jury heard evidence against five white men who had been seen taking Dendy from the Clinton jail. The jury explained that not all the evidence had been heard; Ernest Mimms, a Negro witness, had sent in an affidavit but had, for good reasons, remained in the North. In June the grand jury reconvened, but this time neither Mimms nor another Negro witness, William Crawford, was present. Both had promised Robert Dendy, brother of the lynched man, that they would appear, but each had received an anonymous death threat decorated with skulls and crossbones and crude figures hanging on trees. They preferred to take no chances, and their absence furnished the grand jury with the excuse it needed—though even without them the evidence was ample for at least an indictment. The moral tone of the case is neatly set by The Charlotte Observer. Its dispatch recounting the failure of the grand jury to find indictments says that this failure has "written finis to the case of five men charged with *murdering* Norris Dendy." Dendy was taken from jail and lynched.

IT IS difficult for us to keep a straight face over predominating. Before this jury Woolman and

of State Senator T. J. Holbrook, of Galveston. It seems that the Senator has "long been recognized," not only as a leader among Texas Democrats, but as a staunch (if not the Original) Party Man to boot. Where the party plumped, there plumped Senator T. J. Holbrook, and proud he was to say it. So in the last presidential election he plumped quite regularly for Roosevelt, and thought no more about it. But recently he has been in Washington, where the party's President was presiding; and for Senator Holbrook, life is no longer simple. Instead of uplift in a regular Democratic way, what did he find there but a Congress of "men without minds of their own," and a President heading "straight toward bloodshed and revolution." Democrat or no Democrat, the Senator at least has a mind of his own and will speak it, whatever the cost: "I can't see where things are getting any better at all," he says. But this is only a hint of the upheaval that has gone on in Senator Holbrook. In fact, he says, "things seem to be getting worse." Here they are dealing doles to the jobless, and "we ought to cut those fellows off. I said in the beginning we would have to fight them as soon as we stopped feeding them." If that's the kind of party it's going to be, says the Senator, to hell with it. He has a plan of his own and now stands forth with it. Instead of trying to help the bankers, unemployed, etc., you know what they ought to do? "Let them all go broke and then start over." This is his plan, simple, direct, to the point. We hope the Senator stands up under the discovery of what political party endorses the go-broke-and-start-over idea in this country, though.

HAVE workers, unemployed through no fault of their own, a right to help themselves to such elemental necessities as water, light and gas monopolized for private profit by a public-utility corporation? This question was answered affirmatively by a jury of eight persons in the county court of Salt Lake County, Utah, in the case of James Woolman and his daughter, Mrs. Arvilla Potter, members of the Salt Lake County Unemployed Council, in a test case planned by that organization. The Unemployed Council, which has a membership of several thousand, has been instructing its members for about a year to help themselves to light and water owned by the city, and gas owned by a private corporation. This led to extensive tapping of wires and pipes. The city did little more than return the electricity and water to its own lines when it discovered such cases. But the Utah Gas and Coke Company removed its pipes from such residences, and finding this method ineffectual, entered suit against two alleged offenders. Acting under instructions from the Unemployed Council, the defendants refused the service of attorneys and elected to defend their own cases. A mixed jury of workers and small business men was selected, with the workers

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American courts, that they were innocent of the charge of unlawfully appropriating gas because they had been merely carrying out the fixed policy of their organization, a policy designed to establish the general right of workers throughout the country, unemployed through no fault of their own, to the necessities offered by public-utility corporations. Despite the fact that it was not denied that the defendants had tapped the pipe line, the jury returned a verdict of "not guilty" within fifteen minutes.

STRONG-ARMING the labor movement is growing in fashion. In Los Angeles it is even being planned with semi-official supervision. James E. Davis, the chief of police, has begun the organization of a civilian police force, about which, he says, "there will be nothing honorary. We intend to make a good job of putting down communism here. . . ." What Los Angeles is accustomed to label as communism is pretty well known to the rest of the country. Then alongside Chief Davis' civilian police comes Mr. Guernsey Frazer of the same city organizing American Institutions, Inc., as an affiliate of the Associated Farmers of California. Mr. Frazer's purpose seems to be to try furnishing legal backing for what Chief Davis would like to do: deport all alien communists, outlaw the party, close the mails to "radical" propaganda (a broad definition). By way of balance from the other side of the continent the magazine Steel, one of the leading trade papers of that industry, has this to say: "There appears to be no surer cure for treating bothersome labor agitators than organized strike-breaking on the part of the auto manufacturers themselves. . . . The past week to ten days has seen several of the [Detroit] district's labor sore spots eradicated as if by magic through the appearance on the scene of trouble-making squads, whose occupation, while professional, might be termed hazardous, yet who talk the same forceful language as strike fomenters."

THE result of the competition for the best poem on the Reichstag Fire trial will be announced in next week's issue of The New Republic.

What Next in the N.R.A.?

ON THE first anniversary of the N.I.R.A., the official birthday celebrations are somewhat disturbed by rumors of drastic changes in the Recovery Administration. These rumors are usually denied as fast as they are issued, but something is undoubtedly in the wind. No more price-fixing provisions are to be allowed—in new codes, General Johnson subsequently explains—what is to be done with those which already exist in major codes is left open to question. The service industries are already exempted from codification; it is asserted and denied codes will be reshaped into a smaller number of master ones. What emerges out of all the discussion is a pretty general impression that the fuss about code-writing has had but one really noteworthy result where enforcement is effective: the strengthening of the tendency to monopoly, with its usual accompaniment of price raising and output restriction. Labor at first made gains which it has failed much to enlarge; recovery is stalled again; the intangible pressure for protection of the consumer is still mainly unsatisfied, and is growing stronger.

What is to be done about industrial prices, which are still out of line with wages and farm incomes? What policy will be adopted to register the failure of the N.R.A. in doing more about recovery? Traditional economic theory of course suggests a return to competition. The spectacle of private monopoly at work reinforces that suggestion among those with a liberal bent. Practical administrators, seeing codes virtually inoperative in the industries where competition is most difficult to tame, are likely to dodge the responsibility of so large a task of regulation. Even if more codes are not abandoned, and no dramatic change is made, the industries that before the New Deal were the most highly competitive are likely to relapse into the old order, and to act as if the N.R.A. had never been.

But a mere abandonment of efforts at central control will not bring effective competition and a natural balance of prices throughout the industrial system. Some industries, and among them many of the important ones, had already achieved virtual monopoly before the N.R.A. was created. It is in these industries that the price-raising and output-restricting provisions of the codes are now most effective. The powerful industries that form the basis of finance capitalism will not give up their new advantages without a struggle. It is not a question of *allowing* them to compete, if competition is to be the remedy, but of *forcing* them to compete. Abandonment of the N.R.A. would leave us still with the old difficulties that have bedeviled our economy increasingly for the last fifty years. Unbalance of prices and incomes arises because effective competition in some parts of the system is accompanied by lack of competition in other parts. Those in the strongest bargaining position exploit the rest of us by restricting output and employment, by diminishing our purchasing power. And so, periodically, they injure everybody, themselves included.

If the administration really chooses the competitive course and presses it home, we shall have to have bigger and better anti-trust laws than ever before. A war which will put the old trust-busters to shame must be waged against business. This is not a policy of government non-interference, but of drastic intervention. An immensely strong central government, completely divorced from finance and big business, will be necessary. It must not only

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N.R.A.—a big bureaucratic institution to police industry in every detail in order to break up the large existing combinations, to make sure that new ones do not grow, and to compel everybody to compete. The conservatives who are crying the loudest for the scrapping of the N.R.A., for no "regimentation," for a return to economic liberty and the absence of planning, do not really want any such thing. Only a few logical economists who defend classical theories see what would be necessary and desire it. It is simply out of the question that any government in a modern capitalistic nation would make such an attempt or would succeed if it did make the attempt. After half a century of legislation to enforce competition, big business is bigger than ever.

Competition can be relied on, if we abandon attempts at government control, to reduce those prices and incomes that were already the lowest. But it cannot be relied on to reduce those prices and incomes that are the highest, which are the ones that ought to be reduced. The only way to govern those prices is to govern the industries in which they are set. President Roosevelt is not ready to declare the big and quasi-monopolistic industries public property. Short of that, he may of course attempt price regulation and output regulation in these industries. This, it seems to us, is the only good course open to those liberals, experts or consumers' representatives who do not believe in immediate socialism and are still willing to work through the existing administration. To permit the return of competition in the weaker industries without tackling the problem of price control in the stronger ones is a feeble surrender to Hooverism and Ogden Millsism; it is a retreat straight into the old deal.

The first battle of any such campaign would of course be a battle for statistical and accounting information. From the beginning, the greatest weakness of the N.R.A. has been the almost complete absence of detailed knowledge concerning actual costs and profits in individual companies. The cost systems introduced by private industries under the codes are designed as a basis for price-boosting; they are wellnigh useless for a price policy seeking the general welfare by enlarged output. Once the necessary information was attained—an achievement that in itself would involve a sharp warfare with the forces of private capitalism—it would be necessary to work out and apply price policies aimed, not at providing a "fair return" on a hypothetically figured investment as in ordinary utility regulation, but at the most rapid possible enlargement of production and employment. It would be necessary to concentrate activity in the more efficient plants, regardless of the fate of the less efficient. It would be essential to follow a course not designed with an eye on the profits of separate industries, but calculated to match lower prices with larger orders and consumption throughout the industrial complex. In other words, those who make this attempt must approach a general production plan, if they are to succeed.

This alternative, many will object, is just as difficult as the attempt to enforce competition, and just as likely to be blocked by private profit-seekers. Very likely that is true. But if, under capitalism, the effort to make industry produce abundantly and steadily requires the trial of one of two courses, both of which are doomed to failure, the only choice is to abandon capitalism altogether. It is an obligation of those who are not ready to adopt this conclusion at least to try a consistent policy and see what they can do. That is the only way they can justify their position.

As Congress Adjourns

THE END of this session of Congress was accompanied by a phenomenon that showed that we have indeed gone some distance back toward "normalcy." Just as in the good old days of Mr. Coolidge and the first year of Mr. Hoover, it was generally announced that having Congress in session is a bar to business and that the adjournment would infallibly be marked by a sudden and conspicuous improvement. Perhaps some candidate for a doctor's degree in economic history will some day produce a chart showing the improvements which in the past have taken place when Congress came to a close; but in the absence of such an authoritative study, we decline to believe that this phenomenon exists. If it did, we should see the Chamber of Commerce of the United States demanding twenty sessions of Congress a year, for the sake of the beneficial effect produced by twenty adjournments.

The notion that Congress is the malevolent enemy of business, and that every extra hour it is in session is an added peril, seems all the more absurd when we remember how completely this one has been under the thumb of President Roosevelt. Is the President, then, a foe of industry? Certainly if he is, neither he nor business is aware of it. The best and conclusive evidence on this point is the staggering growth of the rate of profits under the beneficent guidance of the N.R.A. Business men, however, have notoriously short memories when they want to forget; and it is not surprising that they should now have drawn a veil over their own recollection of the scenes fifteen months ago, when their chief spokesmen were in Washington, begging on their knees that Congress should "interfere" in their affairs to any extent necessary to stop the debacle then in progress.

The theory that the best thing Congress could do this week was to adjourn is of course predicated on the assumption that the depression is curing itself, that what is needed is a hands-off philosophy and that if we just let things alone, we should soon be living in the best of all possible worlds. Our readers hardly need to be reminded that this is a theory The New Republic never accepted and does not now accept. We agree with the progressive

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Roosevelt administration Congress has done but a small part of what it ought to do to get us out of this depression and prevent the next one. The present excuse for inaction is that a congressional election is coming in the fall and that drastic deeds must be postponed until after the voters have had their say. This is a dubious argument; it may easily be that the dwindling prestige of the Roosevelt administration is at least as much the result of things left undone as of things done. In any case, we wait with interest for the new reasons for delay that will be brought forward after November 6.

Both the advocates of adjournment and its opponents have been arguing, we feel, in a highly hypothetical realm. Both sides have apparently assumed that this Congress, if it had stayed in session a while longer, would have accomplished some of the important tasks thus far left undone. We doubt it; we doubt it very much. Before such a development takes place, the voters will need evidence that the measures thus far taken have been insufficient—evidence so plain that even the economic illiterate can read it; and we shall need a change of heart in Washington, based on that evidence. So far as Congress and the President are concerned, the time is not yet.

Putting the Steel Strike on Ice

THE STEEL strike has been called off, but peace has by no means been restored in the steel industry. On the contrary, a tenseness has developed that makes likely a major conflict in this and allied industries before many months. The counter proposal made by President Green of the A.F. of L., and accepted, with slight modifications, by the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers' convention, meeting in Pittsburgh last week, is little more than the action demanded of the National Labor Board by the steel workers in the Weirton case. An "impartial" board appointed by the President of the United States is to have authority to mediate, to pass on matters of discrimination under Section 7a and to order an election of representatives for collective bargaining under the Board's supervision. That is precisely what the administration tried to do in Weirton, and what the defiance of the employer prevented it from doing.

It was argued in that case by the Iron and Steel Institute as well as by the National Association of Manufacturers that the Labor Board did not have the requisite legal power. The newly passed Labor Disputes Act ought to clothe with the necessary authority any labor-disputes board appointed by the President. Will this be sufficient to bring the steel magnates into line? From all present indications, the employers will not permit an election that would be really free from company domination. The White House is fully aware of this attitude and, up to the time of the convention, carefully wishes of the administration. On the other hand, it could not very well ignore the demands of labor. Mr. Green's proposal is generally regarded as the latest compromise trick pulled out of the White House silk hat and one that resembles other labor-dispute compromises in all save one respect: it implies a promise to use the President's most effective weapon—public opinion.

"This is my own plan, no one else has had a hand in it," said Mr. Green most emphatically—and by that very emphasis, combined with equal stress on the importance of mobilizing public opinion in labor's cause, he succeeded in convincing virtually every delegate that the proposal came from the White House and that the President intends with the aid of public opinion to force its acceptance by the steel employers.

Whether this maneuver will succeed is highly dubious. In the meantime it will be far more important to watch the effects the postponement will have on the rank and file. The elaborate preparations for conflict made by steel mills during and immediately preceding the convention tended to arouse a pro-strike attitude on the part of many workers who had formerly remained aloof. If Mr. Green's promise to stand behind the steel workers can be translated, as now appears likely, into practical assistance from the A.F. of L., such as placing a number of qualified organizers in the field, the delay may mean a strengthening of the labor forces.

The tentative deadline for acceptance of the proposal has been set for June 30, but the authority to call a strike then rests with the older leaders, and ordinarily it is more conceivable that Mike Tighe, conservative president of the Amalgamated, would dance on a pinhead than call a strike, at least during the summer slack. There are, however, three factors that render the present situation unique. These are (1) the fact that strikers will be eligible to relief and therefore will not impose the usual financial drain on the union, (2) all of the old officers are up for reëlection next November, and the more radical leaders will not cease fighting and (3) the Steel Institute, true to its hard-shelled traditions, will not swerve an inch.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1934, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY. BRUCE BLIVEN, PRESIDENT, DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER.

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RATES: SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS; FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR.

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Our Costly Merchant Marine

IN THE agitation centering about our subsidized aviation industry we have almost completely ignored the fact that we are also spending millions of dollars to maintain an American merchant marine. And there is a vital difference between these subsidies. Even if we assume for the sake of argument that subsidies are essential to the development of aviation in its initial stages, the time will undoubtedly come when the industry will be able to stand on its own feet. Such is not the case with an American merchant marine. Our shipping labors under more or less permanent handicaps in higher building and operating costs. Since foreign ships will probably be able to carry American goods more cheaply for a long time to come, the heavy sacrifices the American people are making for the maintenance of a national merchant marine are likely to be permanent. It is time that the public is informed of the cost of those shipping subsidies. It is time, above all, that they learn of the shocking abuses unearthed by Senator Black's Committee on Air and Ocean Mail Contracts. Only in that way will they know how to discount the selfish propaganda spread by our "patriotic" shipping men.

Our present merchant marine dates largely from the war years, when the government feverishly built an enormous number of ships at a cost approximating three billion dollars. No less than 2,546 ships, aggregating 14,703,719 tons, were acquired under this wartime program, and total American tonnage rose from almost eight million tons in 1914 to over eighteen million in 1922. For some time after the War the ships so acquired were operated for government account, and even today some thirty government-owned vessels are in active service. Over the last twelve years American taxpayers have had to meet an operating deficit totaling no less than $247,000,000. Practically all government ships have now been transferred to private ownership. Some shipping men pretend that this war-built fleet has hung like a pall over American shipping, but they fail to mention that its existence has enabled them to buy ships from the government at ridiculously low prices and on exceptionally easy terms. Possibly the Export Steamship Company regrets having paid $1,071,431 for eighteen ships which the government had reconditioned during the preceding period of four years at an expense of $1,825,718. The Lykes Brothers-Ripley Steamship Company may also be still fretting over the fact that the ships they bought for $2,461,790 had cost the Shipping Board only $1,444,147 to reconstruct. We must apparently assume, too, that all the companies now enjoying mail contracts derived no advantage from the purchase of their vessels at a cost about $35,800,000 below world market prices.

Although the sales prices of these ships already discounted the heavier cost of operation under the American flag, the Jones-White Act in 1928 provided liberal mail payments. These were actually nothing but subventions, and the administration has now commendably decided to call a spade a spade. Certain holders of mail contracts were driven to ridiculous expedients to keep up the pretense that these grants were actually compensation for carrying the mail. They had to instruct their employees to see to it that a few pieces of mail were specially addressed to each port touched by their ships, even if they themselves had to send them. The forty-five mail contracts call for a total public expenditure of about $312,684,394 over a ten-year period. After deducting the amount that would necessarily have to be paid if the mail were carried on a weight basis, a net subsidy of $270,000,000 remains. All these contracts were to be let only after competitive bidding. Actually there was more than one bid in only five cases. This is not to suggest collusion. The fact is that a mail contract was obligingly furnished for practically every existing American steamship line, so that our shipping magnates were left in the happy position of not having to compete for government favors. Everyone got his "dole," and practically everyone naturally specified in his bid the maximum rates per mile allowed by the law, irrespective of whether the competitive or other conditions on the route served by his ships warranted so much aid. Such was the "competitive" bidding farce.

But that by no means exhausts the survey of subsidies. Under the provisions of the Jones-White Act $111,250,000 of the taxpayers' money was lent out at interest rates below 3½ percent to aid in building and reconditioning American ships. Since the government itself was paying on the average about 3.9 percent on its long-term securities, these loans, almost all of which were for twenty years, cost the United States over $22,000,000. The Act specified that the interest rate should be the lowest yield of any governmental obligation issued subsequent to April 6, 1917. Under a variety of interpretations, difficult to reconcile with each other, the Shipping Board actually lent money at rates varying from as low as one-fourth of one percent to 3⅜ percent. In some instances the Board allowed the rate to be determined by the yield on a specific government obligation as reflected in its market price on the day the loan was made. Some "public-spirited" shipowners were subsequently suspected of

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rate. It has never been quite satisfactorily explained, I believe, how the Dollar Steamship Lines were able in 1931 to obtain a loan of $5,287,500 at one-fourth of one percent when the rate was supposed to be determined by Treasury notes bearing 3½-percent interest. The Dollar Companies appear, indeed, to have been favorites of the Board, for they obtained loans aggregating over $11,000,000 and costing the government about $3,500,000 in interest charges alone. Other cases may be cited. In 1931 the Export Steamship Company obtained two loans—one of $1,705,000, another of $1,725,000 at three-eighths and one-half of one percent, respectively, although in both cases the rate was supposedly determined by 3½-percent Treasury notes. Similarly taxpayers have paid and are still paying interest charges amounting to over $3,100,000 on loans to the Oceanic Steamship Corporation and over $4,000,000 on loans to the Grace shipping enterprises. Fortunately Congress in 1931 put an end to this preying on the public exchequer by specifying that a minimum rate of 3½ percent be charged on all future loans. Even this rate is of substantial assistance. The Shipping Board itself estimates that, if a commercial rate of 5½ percent is assumed, shipowners enjoy an "interest subsidy" of $33,587,684 on government loans totaling $147,123,224.

Finally, it should be remembered that the laws restricting coastwise and intercoastal shipping to American ships enable our shipowners to collect several million dollars annually as the result of higher freight rates. We have been imaginative enough to include our trade with Hawaii, Puerto Rico and Alaska within the definition of coastwise shipping. If our shipowners had their way, the Philippines would have been burdened by a similar restriction. Thanks to these laws, some 3,700,000 tons of shipping—over one-third of our merchant fleet of vessels over 1,000 tons—is engaged in trades closed to foreign competitors.

We might not object so much to lavishing public money on private shipping enterprise if our shipping men were themselves inspired by the same public and patriotic spirit that, they persuade us, should dictate our financial support of an American merchant marine. Unfortunately they have in many cases been much more solicitous about lining their own pockets than about promoting American shipping. There is no evidence that the noted shipping magnates, the Dollars, made any sacrifices to ensure the existence of a national merchant marine. One of the scions of that family contented himself with a commission of only $192,500 for purchasing vessels from the Shipping Board on behalf of his own company. In 1925 and 1926 he received two more cuts of $281,250 and $225,000 for negotiating similar purchases. The last commission was no doubt rightly deserved, because the price he paid for five passenger ships was declared much too low found inadequate in a resolution passed by the Senate. Indeed, the Dollar lines proved to be a profitable concern to their promoters. From 1923 to 1932, almost $15,000,000 in salaries, bonuses, commissions and profits accrued to the two Dollars and their associates, Messrs. Lorber and Fleishacker. While they left all but $4,325,493 in the business, it must not be supposed that any of these gentlemen invested much cash originally. On one of their ship lines—the Admiral-Oriental—net profits of over $7,000,000 were realized on a cash investment of only $500. Incidentally, this line received a mail subsidy of $1,587,444 over a five-year period, although even without this grant it would have made a profit of $2,406,700.

Of course, not all companies made such a good showing. From 1920 to 1932, Mr. H. H. Raymond, president of the Colombian Steamship Company, made only some $3,000,000 from various government-subsidized shipping enterprises. Thanks to public benefactions, the companies run by the three Lykes brothers did not fare too badly either. Their line to Santo Domingo, Cristobal and Colombian ports showed a net profit of $1,912,524 from August, 1928, to July, 1933, all but $325,080 of which was contributed by a generous government in the form of mail subsidies. On another line, which they operated for the government from 1925 to early in 1933, a net profit of $1,180,432 was realized. In 1933 they bought the ships operating on this line for only $5 per ton and in addition obtained a fat mail contract. Finally, the Gulf-West Mediterranean Line, which they purchased from the Shipping Board in 1930, earned $625,168.96 up to June 30, 1933, thanks to mail subsidies amounting to well over $1,000,000. No wonder Mr. J. M. Lykes has been one of the most ardent champions of an American merchant marine.

Even those companies that made little or no profit amply rewarded their officials. Mr. Herberman, president of the Export Line, in two successive years drew well over $300,000 in "expenses." Some sample expense vouchers were exhibited during the Black hearings. One, dated May 25, 1928, listed meals, four days at $75, total $300; waiters $100; telephone $80; taxis $75; entertainment $80. Another included such choice items as meals, six days at $75 per day, total $450; auto $110; entertainment $120. Presumably these are some of the incidental benefits which, we are told, accrue from an "adequate" American merchant marine.

The proponents of subsidies would persuade us that the Black Committee has so far revealed only the seamy side of the shipping industry. It is true that a number of companies have not yet been investigated, and the public can only welcome a continuation of the inquiry. The Grace shipping enterprises have not yet been subjected to scrutiny. The Black Committee has just begun its inquiry into the affairs of the International Mercantile Marine, which, jointly with the Dollars, controls the United

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Roosevelt are heavily interested. Let us hope that the investigation will give them a clean bill of health. Meanwhile, it must be admitted that the revelations so far have been shocking enough to cause the American people some hesitation before continuing their generosity toward the merchant marine.

What is there to show for the enormous amount of government money sunk in American ships? We can "point with pride" at some fifty shipping services. We may overlook the fact that regional and local pressure exerted on the Shipping Board has resulted in much needless duplication and in the establishment of economically unjustified lines. We cannot, however, ignore the fact that all the money spent has been insufficient to prevent the merchant marine from declining to a little over thirteen million tons in 1933. Replacements of obsolescent and over-age ships has not been maintained. In the last ten years only some 1,422,000 tons of new ships have been built. To be sure, the Jones-White Act for some time stimulated new construction, and under the provisions of the mail contracts thirty-two new vessels, totaling 363,027 tons, were added to the American fleet. In 1933, however, shipbuilding dropped to only 10,771 tons. The truth is that our shipping magnates decline to build ships unless the government specifically obligates them to do so in return for mail subsidies and agrees in the bargain to furnish three-fourths of the necessary funds. They refuse to risk their own capital, but will undoubtedly continue to call for ever larger appropriations on the plea that present replacements are inadequate and that the American merchant marine must be saved from "extinction." In the meantime most of them will probably continue, unless checked by an aroused public opinion, to divert to their own profit much of the subsidies paid out to keep the American flag on the seas.

JOHN C. DE WILDE.

The Best Minds of Europe

I SAT listening, first with attention diluted with awe, then for a while with a fair degree of concentration. But shortly attention became an effort. I felt myself watching with growing detachment, as if it were a mythical creature, the short, plump, rosy-cheeked, bewhiskered Frenchman who looked like Santa Claus, standing a little to Paul Valéry's right, beautifully talking, his large soft hands magnificently gesturing, his embonpoint delicately bouncing against the edge of the table. His voice was rich with a kind of concentrated essence of good food, good wine, good associations —a good life. He was talking about the European mind. I caught a few phrases: "the Christian paradox," "the Greek tradition," "the knights of Chivalry," as my mind was working back, trying to remember. . . . The rich voice fluttered off in a superb peroration, the whiskers stopped wagging, the gentleman sat down.

Suddenly I remembered: "Boon—The Mind of the Race"—the World Conference. . . . Boon, that happy invention of H. G. Wells—Boon, who symbolizes the futile pre-war literary mind—"one of those suspended minds that float above the will and action; when at last reality could be evaded no longer it killed him." It will be remembered that Boon had a great hobby, which was the idea of a Race-Mind—"something more extensive than individual wills and individual processes of reasoning in mankind, a body of thought, a trend of ideas and purposes, a thing made up of the synthesis of all the individual instances, something more than the algebraic sum, losing the old as they fall out, taking up the young, a common Mind expressing the the violent ferment of new ideas, by the explosive development of its own contrivances, has "lost its head." What was needed was "something that should bring together all its various activities, which go on now in a sort of deliberate ignorance of one another." So Boon conceived the project of a World Conference, a meeting of the Best Minds "to save the race from utter confusion and dementia." Unfortunately, Boon's Conference degenerated, in the course of its proceedings, into a Royal Society for the Discouragement of Literature.

As I remembered Boon and his dream of saving the world by the combined activity of superior intelligences, the significance of this meeting of the Institut de Coopération Intellectuelle which I was attending flashed upon me. This was the real thing, this was Wells' idea come true, the creative writer's insight crystallized in action!

The scene is a large ballroom, on the second floor of number 2 rue de Montpensier, a narrow street just back of the Théâtre Français. Here Armand du Plessis, the rakish duc de Richelieu, playboy of the court of Louis XV, lived for many years. This room, its row of tall windows overlooking the court of the Palais Royal, has witnessed many a voluptuous feast. Its gray paneled walls painted with delicate floral designs, its dulled mirrors, its gilt candelabra, its massive green-marble fireplace with a large gold clock set into its bulging mantle still evoke powdered wigs, fluttering fans, lace and ruffles, and white swelling bosoms boldly emerging from sheaths of brightly colored silk.

But now a new kind of feast is to be staged—

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around two tables juxtaposed to form a T, some forty men are seated. Black coats above the green-felt cover, gray striped trousers below. One man, however, wears a loosely fitting tan suit of rough tweed, a soft-collared shirt and a snakeskin tie: Aldous Huxley. He has just returned from Central America, and seems to have brought back a craving for color. From time to time he blows his nose in an enormous cerise, brown and tan silk bandana which he keeps in an inside coat-pocket. His speech is written on bright blue letter-paper. At the center of the table that forms the top of the T sits Paul Valéry, a small, lively, chattering, gesticulating man who looks like a dusty Charlie Chaplin.

They have gathered to discuss "The Future of the European Spirit." For three days, October 16, 17 and 18, morning and afternoon, papers are read, with occasional brief discussion. The substance and form of these papers may reasonably be supposed to have been carefully pondered and to express the considered opinions of their authors. They deal with such questions as: Does a European spirit exist? How long has it existed? What is it? What is to be done about it? Some of the titles are: "The Revolt of the Telluric Forces and the Responsibilities of the Spirit" (Keyserling); "The International Politics of the Spirit" (Julio Dantas); "The Meaning of Science and the Value of Disinterested Research" (Federico Enriques).

In the midst of a world in chaos these men of good will gather together, impelled by a genuine concern for the future of civilization. They claim to have met for the express purpose of discussing essential problems facing contemporary civilization. They have no illusions about the present state of affairs. They all agree that the world is in a pretty bad way. What is to be done?

Paul Valéry, rosy-faced and gray-haired, sets the tone of the discussions in his introductory talk. They have gathered, he says, not to talk politics but to talk ideas. He explains that the two are incompatible, that political preoccupations vitiate and falsify every idea. The search for truth demands a disinterested mind. One gathers from this that the discussions are to be on a high plane—in what Henry James liked to call "the thin upper air of the finer discrimination."

As the discussions get under way the eighteenth-century setting grows less anachronistic. They are brilliant and beautifully phrased, but they have a remote, hollow sound. One has heard all these things before. In most of the discussions there is hardly a word about the modern world. Of the many concrete evils and menaces that beset men today there is not a whisper. The emphasis is wholly on the past. Again and again the speakers turn back nostalgically to ages happier than ours, and all the talks are riddled with references to ancient Greece and Rome, to the Middle Ages, to Christianity; they must keep their thinking pure

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is said that would have shocked or even surprised an eighteenth-century *philosophe*.

They agree that the intellectuals—the spiritual leaders—have a great responsibility. They go further and contend that they, and they alone, can save the sick world of today. And the first thing to be done is to discover the reason for the prevalent chaos. They discover this in the fact that in our modern world the Spirit has been dethroned, and vulgar, material things have taken its place. "The organization of the masses, *concern for economic well-being* (italics mine), and aspirations to political power," says Rector Huyzinga of Leyde, "have taken the place of the generous aspirations to liberty or truth of former times." Count Keyserling sees in history the conflict of two opposing forces: the Spirit and the dark, blind, unreasoning, "telluric" force of the masses. Today this force is threatening the Spirit with extinction. Aldous Huxley, in perfect French, deplores the spread of vulgarity in the modern world. "Europe is flooded with tenth-rate literature," he says. And he sighs for the good old days when the lower classes in England read only two books—good ones—the Bible, and "Pilgrim's Progress." Valéry bewails the fact that the pure intellect has been contaminated by politics. Georges Duhamel testifies that "a dismal silence has fallen upon the European spirit."

They then proceed to establish the fact that Europe is the world's intellectual leader. Keyserling reminds his auditors that in his "Travel Diary of a Philosopher" he said that "we Europeans are the hands of God." It is the European spirit which today is most seriously menaced. The barbarians, the working masses, organized political groups, led by fanatical leaders, today play the role of the invading hordes that swept over Western Europe in the early centuries of our era.

Well, they debate for a long time about the extent to which the "European spirit" may be said to exist, and finally agree that it exists, if at all, only as a rather tenuous wraith; but that the job of the intellectuals is to help it to become corporeal. It is something very much like Boon's idea of the collective mind: "The flame burns wide and free. It is here; it is gone. You had it; you have it not. And again you see it plainly, stretching wide across the horizon."

This, the constructive part of the discussion, is, like all the talks, phrased in gorgeous, elaborate language full of classical and humanistic allusions, but it boils down to this: the intellectuals, in the face of a hostile world, must continue to assert the supremacy of the spirit (Keyserling); they must be vigilant (Duhamel); they must "go to the people," and educate them (Duhamel, Huxley); they must preserve the heritage of old Europe—that is to say, the triple tradition of Greece, Rome and

and educate them (Duhamel, Huxley); they must preserve the heritage of old Europe—that is to say, the triple tradition of Greece, Rome and Christianity; they must keep their thinking pure (Valéry); they must encourage "pure" art. "The

says Huxley. "But our only means of action is through art. *If art remains pure, all is not lost.*" We must try to make people read good books. Everyone, of course, is not susceptible to improvement by this means. "There is nothing to be done about the rest except to let them wallow in vulgarity and ugliness." But perhaps the most helpful proposal is that made by Dr. Huyzinga:

> It is the practice of morality, after all, by communities as well as by individuals, which alone will be able to cure our poor world, that is so rich and so afflicted.

During the talks Valéry, his mind apparently in a continual bubble, passes remarks right and left, puffing at cigarette after cigarette (one side of his heavy cow-catcher mustache stained a rich amber), laughing, twisting in his seat, waving his arms, and then again for long moments allowing his face to relax into stony immobility. Aldous Huxley, after having read his paper, takes no further part in the discussions. Madariaga, tight-lipped and expressionless, sits hour after hour like a solemn predatory bird.

As the speeches succeed one another, each more academic than the last, building up the blissful picture of a world made whole by wafting over it the effusions of pure, "disinterested" spirits like these, the ponderous frivolity of the whole reunion takes on the character of a grotesque dream. Are they really serious, these clean and polished gentlemen in black? The world is crumbling about them, and here they sit comfortably, in a warm atmosphere of mutual esteem, earnestly proposing pious wishes as a means of checking the suffering, destruction and hatred that are spreading throughout the world. The best minds of Europe. What have they to offer? Finely phrased exhortations to morality, pure thought, pure art, to a life of the spirit. In the world outside millions cry for bread, for security, for the privilege to live. And these gentlemen, radiant with high living and high thinking, accuse the masses of betraying an excessive "concern for economic well-being."

There are a few protests. Georges Duhamel complains that the European unity, about which they have talked so much, is a purely intellectual concept, "which represents nothing for the man of the street." Henri Focillon, after Keyserling has painted his apocalyptic picture of the unruly and barbaric masses threatening the Spirit with extinction, objects that "the masses are not a blind force," that the intellectuals must act "upon them and through them."

But the only really effective protest, curiously enough, comes at the very end of the last day. The morning has been spent discussing the creation of a permanent "Society of European Studies" that shall continue the work so auspiciously begun. The afternoon meeting is a gala occasion, and is open to the public. The Institute offers to the world at large the fruit of its secret meditations. The table has the green-marble fireplace. Several hundred gilt ballroom chairs have been arranged in neat rows, the first few rows corralled off by a purple cord for the members of the Institute. A hundred fashionably dressed women, with a sprinkling of older men, compose the "public."

Paul Valéry, who has been elected chairman of the new Society, presides. There is a series of speeches summarizing the ideas that have been put forward in the course of the discussions. The speakers are Emilio Bodrero, the eulogist of Italian art under the beneficent reign of Mussolini, Count Teleki, former chancellor of Hungary, and William Martin. Then Jules Romains, the last speaker, is announced.

His speech is a bombshell. In sharp, clear-cut language, with a dramatic pause after each sentence, he scathingly denounces the entire work and spirit of the Institute. "The political aspect of every problem," he says, "has been banished from the discussion. This prohibition has doomed our whole debate to sterility." He describes the discussion as purely "academic." "By academic I mean the science of speaking without compromising oneself." "There is a certain pharisaism in pretending that the world's existence is subordinated to the existence of an 'intellectual Europe.'" And he goes on to show that in critical periods of history neutrality is not possible, even for intellectuals, and that problems affecting the life of society cannot be discussed without taking sides in the struggle of nationalities or of social classes. Without in his turn compromising himself, he describes the various attitudes which it is possible for intellectuals to take in times of historic crisis. His conclusion, unfortunately, is a weak flourish. For after having shown what was wrong with the attitudes of all the other members of the group, he himself fails to take a courageous stand. Like the rest, he has nothing to offer.

Valéry, who during this speech has grown white with rage, rises, trembling and defiant, and in a few words restates his position: that politics is an inferior activity of the mind; that the man in politics must make compromises, must simplify and falsify, and that the spirit cannot function in its realm. His last words are: "I persist in believing that if a man were shut up in his cell, engaged in working out an idea, something would always come of it—*Je m'obstine à penser qu'un homme, enfermé dans sa cellule, engagé à mûrir une pensée, il en sortirait toujours quelque chose.*"

I notice a gentleman sitting to my left—gray close-cropped hair, a tired Roman profile, ash-colored skin, with sagging lines, the muscles around one eye limply embracing a monocle. He wears an immaculate frock-coat, gray striped trousers and spats. To his left sits a good-looking, youngish woman in a henna dress with a string of large glass beads. He is leaning forward, both his hands resting on a handsome cane, listening with great interest. It is Kerensky. He seems to belong here

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Public Forestry or Private Devastation?

FORESTS are not only the raw material of the lumber industry. They are also regulators of stream flow; they prevent soil erosion, and they furnish the environment for one of the highest types of recreation. For these reasons men who in other fields have decried any attempt to interfere with the rights of private property—even for the sake of social welfare—have vigorously denounced the ruinous work of the lumbermen.

But while the conservationists loudly proclaimed that private interests must here give way to public welfare, most of them were still dyed-in-the-wool individualists who had a subconscious abhorrence of government interference with private initiative. Consequently, when the private owners sobbed and promised to reform and pointed out the unfair economic obstacles with which they had to contend, most of the conservationists were willing to give them another chance.

In keeping with this spirit, the American forestry profession officially repudiated public regulation and urged subsidies to private owners as the most practical way of preserving our forests. This recommendation was adopted as a national policy through the passage by Congress of the Clarke-McNary Act in 1924. Nevertheless, there were a few clear-eyed dissenters, the most distinguished of whom was Gifford Pinchot, who in 1919 had written: "Forest devastation will not be stopped by persuasion, a method which has been thoroughly tried out for the past twenty years and has failed utterly. Since otherwise they will not do so, private owners of forest land must now be compelled to manage their properties in harmony with the public good." The proof of the statement is the condition of our forests: unbelievably worse than before the conservation movement started.

After the passage of fourteen years, this dissent has recently received official vindication in the publication by the United States Forest Service of an important report entitled: "A National Plan for American Forestry" (Senate Document No. 12, 72nd Congress, 1933). It has been prepared under the immediate direction of Earle Clapp, chief of the Research Branch of the Forest Service, and is the composite work of some forty-six different authors. The major conclusion may be boiled down to one sentence: "Private ownership of forests has been a failure from a social and economic standpoint, and a huge program for the speedy public acquisition of a large share of the private forests is essential if we are to avoid catastrophe."

giving the reasons for this conclusion. There are 495,000,000 acres of forest land in the United States capable of raising commercial timber crops. Some 83,000,000 of these acres are devastated, or almost so, and nearly 1,000,000 acres of new devastation are being added annually. Further, a large proportion of the cut-over area, though it has not been totally devastated, has been very seriously deteriorated. As a result, we are growing approximately 9,000,000,000 cubic feet of timber annually while removing from the forests about 16,500,000,000 cubic feet. Obviously there is no real provision for future growth.

A century ago all but a minor fraction of the forest land of the country was still covered by great trees and carpeted by fresh moss, flowers and a rich, organic mold from decaying leaves and needles. The rain was speedily absorbed by this permeable cover. The soil was held in place by the net of interlocking roots. Today more than half of these forests have been stripped of their best timber. On a sixth of the area practically nothing is left but a few diseased cull trees and a tangle of dry brush, which usually strangles what tree seedlings may germinate. Rain and the melting snow pour down the hard, dry hillsides to flood the rivers. Soil in stupendous quantities is washed away to the destruction of the fertility and the filling in of reservoirs, rivers and irrigation channels. Freshness and beauty vanish utterly. To add to the disaster, the processes of destruction, once started, proceed at constantly accelerating pace.

What are the causes of this expanding ruin? The Forest Service report says:

"Of the 83,000,000 acres of devastated or poorly stocked forest land, 74,000,000, or nine-tenths, is privately owned, and an appreciable part of the remainder reached this condition before coming into public ownership or as a direct result of private operations and ownership.

"Of the 850,000 acres devastated each year about 95 percent are in private ownership.

"At least 36,000,000 acres of forest are being deteriorated annually, primarily as a result of poor silviculture and unsatisfactory fire protection.

"The extent to which private ownership is responsible is shown by the fact that more than 98 percent of the 10,000,000 acres cut over each year is privately owned, that fully 95 percent of the private cutting is probably made without any conscious regard to the future productivity of the forest, and that nearly all of the cutting on publicly

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"It is shown further by the fact that nearly all of the 191,000,000 acres of forest land needing, but not given, protection is in private ownership and that at least 41,000,000 acres, or about 98 percent of the area burned annually during the last few years, is privately owned. . . .

"Private ownership has held four-fifths of our commercial forest land with 90 percent or more of the total potential timber-growing capacity. It has held the agricultural land that is being abandoned. It has also held two-fifths of the non-commercial forest land. Practically all of the major forest problems of today have grown out of this ownership. As measured by expenditures, only about 10 percent of the constructive effort in American forestry is being made by it. Nearly half of this effort is so remote as to have little or no influence on the forest itself. . . .

"Public ownership, mainly in the national and state forests, has held three-fifths of the non-commercial but only one-fifth of the commercial forests. It has been characterized by the administration of the forest resource in the public interest and by the adoption of the principle of fully coördinated sustained yield-management of the different elements of the forest resource. It has won its way through public condemnation to general public recognition and approval."

In order to end the evils of private ownership the report recommends that the federal and state governments set to work immediately on the acquisition of 224,000,000 acres of commercial and non-commercial forest land during the next twenty years. This is the minimum area that the public must acquire if it wants to save our forest resources from deterioration. It still leaves in private ownership 235,000,000 acres of commercial forest land on which the Forest Service believes there is at least a fighting possibility of some forestry practice. My personal point of view is that an even larger acquisition program is demanded than that urged by the Forest Service. Indeed, I feel that virtually all the American forests except those in farm woodlands should be nationalized. Nevertheless, the Forest Service recommendation, admittedly conservative, is a very great step in the right direction.

The report estimates that these 224,000,000 acres will cost the government about $750,000,000. My own belief is that this figure is at least 50 percent too high. More than a quarter of this land could be taken by the government almost immediately for tax delinquency. But regardless of which estimate is correct, the Forest Service has shown that the American people would reap richly from their investment. The American forests might be made to yield about $700,000,000 worth of products and services annually if they were rehabilitated and brought under forestry management.

The administration of such a vast forest domain should be patterned after the remarkably efficient administration of the present United States Forest Service. This organization today manages approximately 160,000,000 acres of forest and grazing land. It sells what timber it considers ripe for cutting to the highest bidder among the lumber companies, but regulates the logging in such a way that a sustained forest growth is assured. It rents the use of its range lands, but only to an extent that will not result in overuse and consequent deterioration of the forests. Although it has so far given inadequate consideration to recreational use of its territory, it has rented summer-home sites, laid out camp grounds, set aside some, though not large enough, roadless areas for those who want to retreat to the wilderness, and has been shamefully remiss only in failing to preserve good-sized tracts of virgin timber for scientific and esthetic purposes. On all of its lands it has developed a system of fire protection truly amazing for its success in the face of almost insuperable difficulties.

If the recommendations of the Forest Service are treated as have been the recommendations of most technical boards—simply by shelving them—then the ruin of our forests stares us in the face. If we want to preserve our forests and all that they mean to us, we must immediately undertake the burden of transferring them from the hands of private devastators to those of public rehabilitators. To do this requires congressional action as well as action by various state legislatures appropriating sufficient sums to make the needed purchases. The Forest Service has worked out a splendid technical basis for these purchases. It is up to the people of the country to demand that their legislators act in the one way that can preserve the forest resources of America.

ROBERT MARSHALL.

One Cranny of the Night

The trembling roach with fumbled legs of down
Beneath his steely back runs silently
Careering like a boat. I have seen him drown
In walls before the grosser eyes blank white
But somehow charitable to his sight—
So fine and anguished with the bitterness
Of quick escape. And when I looked for him . . .
But there was nothing, he had the wall of me,
Was running for his life outside the whim
Of iron, wood and bricks which are my world.
Afterward, when the kind close night makes free
My iron world of me
I shall hear him stirring back; his purposes
Creep with him, all is terrible and straight.

He will be gone by morning; he will have found
What of my bread is sound
To nourish plaster and the sweetening crust
Of laths and scaly timbers, all the ways
To his dark underpaths of dust—
Where, in a hidden leisure, he can reap
His relish of the outside of my days
And of my nights in sleep.

OSCAR BRYNES

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How to Make a Riot

ON MAY 26 police attacked a demonstration of unemployed in front of relief headquarters in New York City. The police got the worst of the battle. Headlines screamed of "Red Riots," but the facts peeped here and there from under reports of jobless "whipped into a frenzy by their Communist leaders." As one newspaper let slip, "Wall (the Deputy Inspector in charge) ordered the police into action, *and in two minutes the riot was in full swing.*"

The battle followed refusal of Deputy Welfare Commissioner Howe to confer with the United Action Committee. The Committee, partially Communist in its leadership, represents mostly organizations of white-collar workers and former C.W.A. employees. Of 30,000 on civil-works pay rolls in New York, only 10,000 found jobs under the F.E.R.A. after the demobilization—and these jobs at reduced pay. The Committee demanded public works to provide jobs, restoration of work-relief pay cuts, increased wages to meet increased living costs, union scales for emergency work, the hiring of additional relief investigators and the opening of more relief bureaus, increased cash relief, regular cash rent and a moratorium on the bankers' agreement, under which the funds available for relief are effectively limited. Police billies, the reply to those demands, only succeeded in intensifying unrest.

Twelve hours after the fight at welfare headquarters, there was a second clash between police and a parade of demonstrators returning from the arraignment of their fellows in night court. The following day, Sunday, there was a third, when ten prisoners, all unemployed, were arraigned on charges of inciting to riot. At a signal from the magistrate, police hidden in rooms adjoining the court cleared it of spectators and staged an attack so brutal that two reporters intervened. They were themselves struck by police. The blows had a good effect—two newspapers the next morning carried graphic and detailed accounts of what happened. While The Times, for example, informed its readers that "no injuries were reported," The News told how "Berserk Cops Beat Couple at Red Trial." Inspired no doubt by his own bruises, the reporter pictured the scene:

> Cops, thirsting to get even for the beating of eight of their comrades by the jobless the day before, set upon the woman and her husband, repeatedly knocking them down and kicking and beating them almost to insensibility.

The pair, Rose and James Lechay, were carried back into the court building after the attack. Later they were given a suspended sentence for disorderly

Developments since that stormy week-end are ominous. They indicate that the nation's largest city is on the verge of a period of repression and police brutality. The press has been unusually vicious. Mayor LaGuardia, in what may seem a strange lapse for so noted a liberal, has encouraged the attempt to deprecate jobless demonstrations as mere Red agitation. Major-General O'Ryan, his police commissioner, has openly incited the police to violence. The Alien and Criminal Squad is engaging in political surveillance along European lines. Unless those who believe in constitutional liberties are on their guard, New York City may go the way of Georgia, Alabama and Southern California in its treatment of workers, radicals and the unemployed.

With the exception of the liberal New York Post, which took up the cudgels for the unemployed, the entire municipal press is doing its best to build up public approval for the use of terroristic methods by the police. Editorially The News, despite the testimony of its own staff man, sneered at talk of "police brutality," pictured the demonstrators as "hurling themselves on the police" and assured its readers:

> All public order rests ultimately on force—police and military. Take these away, and we would fall into chaos. The hoodlums would swiftly take charge. All that saves us from that is the police and other forces of order that the Reds are so fond of calling Cossacks and Fascists. . . . So long as the Red minority keeps trying to force its will on the majority by violence, the police will have to use necessary force, *mixed with their usual good judgment of course* [my italics], to block the Reds.

Was The News trying to teach the Communist doctrine that the state and its armed forces are instruments of the ruling class? The Mirror proclaimed "No Quarter for Red Agitators," and pictured the Communists as

> scum of the city, fattening on human destitution and suffering . . . skulking rats. . . . Six thousand police are available for a war to exterminate them. This is because six thousand officers must have sleep and another six thousand held in reserve for emergency. There are 200,000 known Reds in New York City. [This must have been news to the Communists.] As things stand, the police can take care of this menace. But they must act quickly and give no quarter. The time for forbearance has passed.

It may be noted that both The News and The Mirror are "liberal," support Roosevelt, label the Republican opposition "Tory" and attack Hitlerism. The conservative press couldn't have been worse, but it managed to be as bad. The Herald

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Tribune, organ of the rugged individualists, assailed the unemployed demonstrators as "Yellow Rats" and compared them unfavorably with the gangsters who recently ambushed and killed a New York policeman. While allowances must be made, it said, for violence or friction arising from exercise of free assembly and free speech,

> our allowances for such occasional eruptions of feeling do not, however, cover the premeditated criminal violence of the *agent provocateur;* and there cannot be the slightest doubt that the local Reds who mingled with a crowd of harmless demonstrators in Lafayette Street and then abruptly attacked the outnumbered police, like a pack of vicious and cowardly hyenas, were cold-bloodedly provoking a situation which they hoped to develop into a battle between police and the non-Communist crowd, yielding plenty of casualties for propaganda purposes. Such a maneuver is no political gesture, but a cowardly crime, in the handling of which tolerance or leniency would itself be an offense against the community's peace. . . . The authorities are here dealing not with social doctrine but with organized crime for which it would be a costly folly to make any more allowances than they do for the cruel and vicious liberties that the underworld takes with the public.

None of the "capitalist" newspapers, again with the exception of The Post, bothered to tell their readers what the demonstration was all about, and what the jobless were asking of the city. The campaign to distract attention from these demands by dragging in various red herrings was encouraged by Mayor LaGuardia. He summoned city editors to his office for a private conference, intimated that the revolution was just around the corner, expressed fears that it might start in New York City. He denied that there had been any brutality on the part of the police and went on to say that he was afraid the police, "goaded" beyond their endurance by "Communists," would fire into a crowd of demonstrators and then that hell would break loose. He therefore asked the city editors not to play up news of the unemployed and of unemployed demonstrations. This information was "confidential," but The Daily Worker, left out of the conference, of course, published the story. The Mayor was clearly adopting the course of hushing up the news in good reactionary fashion, and seemed more anxious to build up a convenient excuse for himself in case of future trouble than to prevent bloodshed.

Only the intervention of the American Civil Liberties Union and the admirable discipline shown by the unemployed in the face of provocation staved off another clash when the jobless demonstrated again the following Saturday. The Mayor's temper was further revealed on that occasion. He received James Gaynor, chairman of the United Action Committee, and A. L. Wirin of the Civil Liberties Union. In front of a visiting naval official and the reporters who cover his office, the Mayor called Gaynor a "liar," "faker" and "yellow dog," and gave him no chance to reply. Wirin expressed surprise. "We have always considered you a friend of civil liberties, Mr. Mayor." The Mayor pointed at the leader of the jobless. "You mean civil liberties for them, too?" Is it any wonder that The Herald Tribune praised the Mayor for "blunt sincerity," confessed that it had often "disagreed sharply with the Mayor in his congressional days" but found that now "as a man and as a mayor he is growing steadily, surely, in the public imagination"? Is it any wonder that Police Commissioner O'Ryan was encouraged to issue a statement praising the "forbearance" of the police, labeling unemployed leadership as "Communistic" and ordering the police to employ "all the force necessary not only to protect themselves but to suppress violence and unlawful conduct"?

His statement is itself an ominous provocation:

> We have already placed on trial several policemen for failure to use all the force at their disposal and necessary for the purpose of suppressing violence, and charges will be prepared against any officer who fails to act promptly and effectively in such instances, including the protection of their own persons.

The pathetic picture of police refusing to protect themselves does credit to the General's imagination. As for the "Communistic" leadership, Gaynor was once a well-to-do engineer, a Republican who voted for LaGuardia at the last election. Among other leaders of the white-collar workers organized under the United Action Committee is a former vice-chairman of LaGuardia's City Fusion party and a former executive secretary of a woman's Hoover-for-President committee in Massachusetts. The Committee has some Communist leaders and about 10 percent of its rank-and-file are Communists. More of them will be, if the hostile attitude of police, press and mayor continues.

Under Police Commissioner Mulrooney, before LaGuardia took office, New York City had been unusually free from conflict generated by police suppression of unemployed and radical demonstrations. General O'Ryan, himself a candidate for the mayoralty, withdrew from the race and was given the police commissionership. The Mayor started out, with the obvious disapproval of his army-minded police commissioner, to protect civil liberties, but he began to swing to the other side after property damage in the taxicab strike gave O'Ryan and the conservatives their chance. Other subordinates fear the Mayor's abuse. General O'Ryan alone seems to have the will to argue back at LaGuardia, and the Mayor seems to have been affected by his influence.

A swing to the Right is perceptible all along the line. The Red menace is being used to stifle free expression and criticism in the schools. Anti-Nazi activities are meeting with ever greater police hostility. The editor and a staff reporter of The Daily Worker have been indicted for criminal libel and face three years in jail for a series of articles on strike-breaking agencies active in New York. In

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one case at least, a city-owned building, long used by political groups of all shades for public discussion, has been barred against any more such meetings. A "respectable citizen," a man with an honorable war record, a clubman and Harvard graduate, a parent-teacher leader with an established business of his own in the financial district, wrote a letter to Police Commissioner O'Ryan protesting police brutality in breaking up a recent anti-Nazi demonstration. No reply. A few days later employees told him that plain-clothesmen had been questioning them about his political beliefs and affiliations. Angry inquiry at headquarters led to the Alien and Criminal Squad, where he was told that investigations of that kind were customary when such letters of protest were received. General O'Ryan did not think of investigating the brutality charges.

Investigation in the Wall Street district has uncovered connections between the police and certain bankers who have been supporting budding fascist movements and feeding Red-menace and anti-Semitic literature to the police. The new handbook of the Alien and Criminal Squad, presented to it by the same sources, is a curious compilation. Its "Who's Who in Radicalism" includes the pedigrees of such noted "Reds" as Secretaries Wallace and Ickes, Bishop McConnell, Father Ryan, Rabbi Wise, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt and—Fiorello H. LaGuardia.

ISIDOR FEINSTEIN.

Washington Notes

The Session Cashes in—Mr. Keynes, Not without Honor—Hearst and the Sales Tax Come to Lunch

UNSAFE as it is to make predictions about Congress, it does seem reasonably certain that by the time this issue of The New Republic is on the stands, the seventy-third session of that great body of heavy thinkers will either have adjourned or be on the verge thereof. So it seems timely to indite a few words concerning its record, and the situation in which its departure leaves us. So far as I am concerned, important and far-reaching as are a number of its legislative acts, formed and forced by the White House Captain of the team, the outstanding fact is the amount of money this Congress has placed in the President's hands for "relief purposes."

When to the direct appropriation of $1,170,000,000 in the deficiency bill are linked the unexpended balances of the R.F.C., the P.W.A. and other funds made available, including the special drought appropriation of $525,000,000, the grand total in the President's hands for "relief purposes" in the next fiscal year exceeds four billion dollars. Take all the concessions and compromises the President had to make during this past session, and the defeats of one sort and another he sustained—take them all and weigh them in the balance against his success in getting Congress to place, practically without restriction, four billion dollars in his hands, and it will be conceded, I think, that Mr. Roose- Credit for this reconversion is given by leading members

be added the complete power he obtained to remake the tariff, the Stock Exchange Act, the Communications Act, the extension of the Agricultural Adjustment Act and one or two others. The session's record, so far as Mr. Roosevelt is concerned, is almost 100 percent.

Not only has there been an enormous increase in the power vested in the hands of the President, but the scope and authority of the federal government have been extended in various directions. And then there is the money, the four billions. Although it is true that Mr. Roosevelt's personal prestige has somewhat diminished in the country, and although his policies are certainly not so popular as they were, the fact remains that this Congress has endowed him with more complete power than ever. Instead of regaining those of its functions surrendered under emergency pressure in 1933, at this session it surrendered nearly all it had left. Chief of these was a part of the taxing power involved in tariff making. In brief, the President comes out of this session far stronger, so far as power and resources are concerned, than when it began. And yet, curiously enough, he is weaker with the people. There has been a perceptible ebbing of the almost hysterical enthusiasm with which he was regarded. It is all very well to talk about his personal popularity, and I agree that he is still personally popular, but there has been a certain change in sentiment and I know of no politician on either side who does not admit it. After all, his popularity will depend on the success of his policies, and none of these is bringing the "expected results." Consequently there is a certain let-down feeling among the people, evidence of which is given in the revival of hope among the Republicans and the increase in criticism, both journalistic and congressional.

Despite all this, the things Mr. Roosevelt succeeded in getting the recent Congress to do for him seem to me remarkable. It is true that he had more trouble than he did in his first session. He had to give way here and there, but he got nearly everything he asked for, and in the way he wanted it. Toward the end there were some ominous murmurings and certain indications that the period of revolt was approaching. But the murmurings were ineffectual and the revolt, if it materializes, will be shown in the November elections and the next Congress. It got nowhere in the last one.

But to get back to the four billions—that inconceivably vast sum now at the President's disposal. The best informed men in the White House circle are jubilant at the extraordinary success of Mr. Roosevelt in obtaining this amount with practically no strings tied to it except those involved in the extremely flexible phrase "for relief purposes." They are confident that he plans to spend all, or at any rate the great bulk, of it in the coming year. Pushing aside Mr. Lewis W. Douglas and one or two others who are deeply perturbed over the chances of budget balancing in 1936, as per the schedule announced by Mr. Roosevelt in his message last January, the President has become again a convert to the policy of spending government money as the best and most effective means of increasing consumer purchasing power, stimulating business and promoting recovery.

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Maynard Keynes, expert to His Britannic Majesty's Treasury from 1915 to 1919. Mr. Keynes, it is alleged, came to Washington a month ago, had two long conferences at the White House and convinced the President of the soundness of his views. As a result, Mr. Douglas and his budget-balancing preachments went "out the White House window" and Mr. Roosevelt put on pressure for the special drought appropriation of $525,000,000, notwithstanding the insistence of the conservative element that he did not need the money and had ample funds in hand to care for the distress.

I do not know whether Mr. Keynes is or is not responsible for the renewed determination of the President for "inflationary distribution" of government funds as the surest road to recovery, but I do know that this is the line the leading progressive Senators have urged upon him from the start. And I do know that they have been disappointed at what they considered the somewhat timid and half-hearted way in which he had carried forward that policy. Whether or not it was Mr. Keynes, the progressives are encouraged over the present prospect and hope there will be no more White House wobbling. The situation, as they see it, is serious. There are still 10,000,000 men out of work, and distress in many sections is acute. Unless the administration is prepared to spend far more liberally for relief than it has, things may easily get out of hand.

Personally, my conviction is that Mr. William Randolph Hearst had considerably more to do with bringing the President to his present state of mind than Mr. Keynes. It may be recalled that, just prior to the departure of Mr. Hearst for Europe, at the President's request, he came to Washington and lunched at the White House. For some months before that time the Hearst papers, though free from personal criticism of Mr. Roosevelt, had been hammering the N.R.A., A.A.A. and other administration policies with more vehemence and regularity than any other papers in the country. If there have been any assaults of the same vigorous sort in the Hearst papers since the White House luncheon, I have missed them. Mr. Hearst was one of the first and most ardent advocates of a huge public-works and relief program. Mr. Hearst is for spending. Some months ago he was greatly concerned about the tax burdens involved in the government expenditures, but the adoption of the sales tax, which he has so long advocated, would greatly lessen his feeling about that.

Two years ago, with Mr. Hoover in the White House, the Democrats in the Senate were on the verge of enacting a general sales tax. The plan, it will be recalled, was laid before Mr. Roosevelt in New York, at a conference held there with Democratic leaders. He expressed himself as horrified at the suggestion and it was dropped with speed and completeness. But there is a belief now in certain usually well informed quarters that the sales tax will be revived at the next session and that, far from being horrified, the President will look upon the plan with favor.

The journalistic support of the sales-tax scheme, though led by Mr. Hearst, has always been exceedingly strong, particularly in the East. Next year, as everybody concedes, the necessity for more taxes will be imperative. Senators, Representatives and party leaders generally look with perturbation upon the prospect. The [illegible] that the limit has already been reached, and that the country will not stand much more—which is nonsensical. The fact is, the taxable possibilities in this country have not really been explored. There are various still untouched ways of raising more revenue—and these do not include the sales tax, either.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Friendly Care for Margins—Insurance Needs Some Probing—Neglect as a Poor Buttress to Bankrupts

THOSE who imagine the new Stock Exchange Act will put a crimp in speculation and make margin trading difficult will do well to think again. A brokerage house announces the margins on which its customers can trade under the new bill. Without wearying anyone with the intricate formula for figuring margins, here are the margins permissible, at present market levels, on the following stocks:

U. S. Steel, priced at 40, can be bought with a margin of $10. American Can, priced at 98, can be bought with a margin of $24.50. Consolidated Gas, priced at 33, can be bought with a margin of $8.25. General Motors, priced at 34, can be bought on a margin of $11.50. United Carbon, priced at 44, can be bought on a margin of $20. The highest margin here, it will be seen, is 45 percent of the market value, in the case of United Carbon. In the other stocks the margins run between 24 and 33 percent of market price. There is nothing the newly provided-for Securities and Exchange Commission can do about this either. The subject of margins is in the hands of the Federal Reserve Board, which is very unfriendly to the idea of high margins.

The President has announced what is being referred to as a new program of social security—old-age pensions and unemployment insurance. Liberals who favor these things will do well to keep that message on file. They will do well, also, to withhold their paeans of praise until they see what this program will be. One thing we know—the great business interests and the great insurance companies will come down on Washington to fight this proposal. They will do it in two ways. One group will denounce it and battle it. Others, more intelligent, will work close inside the administration. Their strategy will be to extract tooth after tooth until the plan is a "dental cripple."

At the moment the work to be done is the assembling of the data to support the President's plans. And there is in existence an instrument for doing that. It is the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency which has been investigating Wall Street. Its life has been extended for another seven months. But unless some food is provided, this extended life will be only a form of suspended animation. This committee has two jobs to do. One is to keep its eye on the administration of the Stock Exchange Act, which it brought into being. The other is to carry on a study of the insurance business—to have a look at all

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fraternal insurance; to study costs, uses of funds, condition of funds, the possibilities of social insurance under government auspices.

Ahead of us lie the great problems of railroads, utilities, state and municipal credit and banks. At every turn, as government action on these problems is discussed, we will be confronted with the objection that the solvency of our insurance companies is threatened by action against railroads, or refusal to aid railroads, or raising wages on railroads, or inflating the currency, or inflating credit, or whatever is suggested. All this because the funds of insurance companies and savings banks are so heavily invested in the bonds of railroads, utilities, municipalities, states, etc. Would it not be wise, therefore, to put an end to the foolish and futile and actually harmful program of saving bankrupt railroads, bankrupt mortgage companies and bankrupt finance companies, worthless mortgages on homes and farms, and put the government back of the insurance companies instead?

As I write the Senate passes the Frazier Bill for six-year moratoria on farm mortgages and other indebtedness, which looks to me like one of the most sensible things done yet, though it does not go far enough. Before we are done there will be plenty of this and in the end we will have to deal with the question of the savings banks and the insurance companies. Would it not be well for the Senate Committee to spend the interim between now and the reassembling in January in collecting all available data on this subject?

JOHN T. FLYNN.

On the Labor Front

A Cheerless Birthday—Some Sorry Gifts for Labor—"Helpful Hints"—Low Finance in Puerto Rico

THIS WEEK marks the first anniversary of the National Industrial Recovery Act and makes a fitting occasion to recall a few of the remarks of the founding fathers on the benefits the act was to confer upon labor. In no other way can one do justice to the jubilance, the optimism and promise that prevailed at the time. Even General Johnson, it appears, once believed that Section 7a meant what it said. The act was only a few months old when he declared that "Employers cannot refuse to bargain about conditions of employment with the self-chosen representatives of their workers." Senator Wagner, chairman of the National Labor Board, was of the same belief: "The right of workers to select representatives of their own choosing is guaranteed. The duty of employers to bargain with these representatives is ordained." President Roosevelt was most hopeful: "There should be no discord and dispute —the workers of this country have rights under this law—no aggression is now necessary to obtain these rights."

To contrast these fine pronouncements with the subsequent exegesis of Section 7a by administration officials is, for a sensitive person, a decidedly unpleasant task. But in the most recent interpretation—the proposed settlement in the steel controversy—we have reached the point where employers can flatly refuse to deal with independent unions if their employees ask them to; on whether they must per-

is concerned. That is the plain meaning of the steel labor board offered by General Johnson to the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers.

As outlined by him, it was to be a board composed of three members, but no one of the three could be any person who has ever had "any interest in or partisan relationship toward . . . any labor organization whether national or local," though any one or all three could be industrialists, only provided they were not in the steel business. In addition the authority of the Board was to be confined, apparently, to purely company-union negotiations. Direct negotiations between employer and employees (if the employees are in an independent union) was not provided for. This was the most amazing labor settlement yet suggested. It left the steel workers no choice but to reject it, which they did, promptly and emphatically. That General Johnson should have sponsored such a scheme suggests a bias that unfits him to handle labor problems.

The "compromise" labor measure that President Roosevelt has substituted for Senator Wagner's Labor Disputes Bill has just passed. In the original form sent to the Congress by Mr. Roosevelt the bill seemed to carry the threat of compulsory arbitration, and though this ominous possibility has been removed by Senator La Follette's last-minute amendment providing that nothing in the bill should prevent or diminish the right to strike, the bill still does not begin to be satisfactory from the labor point of view. The immediate purpose, as the press has made clear, is to preserve industrial peace in steel. On this point the chief fault of the bill is its ambiguity. It gives the government an undefined power to intervene in any labor dispute and to promulgate orders and regulations it desires. It fails to prohibit such unfair labor practices by employers as threats, intimidation and coercion. The provision for government-supervised elections is practically meaningless, since no obligation whatever is imposed on employers to recognize workers' representatives, once chosen. Senator Wagner's bill, after its revision, was about as ineffectual in protecting the rights of collective bargaining as any measure could be, but this compromise affair is worse.

Even the American Federation of Labor, which up to now has gone along loyally with the President on his labor policy, has revolted and announced its opposition to the bill. However, the chances that any satisfactory labor legislation would have come out of the present Congress were infinitesimally slim. Mr. Roosevelt seemed unwilling—and was probably unable—to force a forthright measure through.

There is little evidence that employers need coaching on how to make the most of the N.R.A. But in the event they do, Prentice-Hall, Inc., a large business publishing firm, is offering a service—helpful hints on "how to benefit from the new labor provisions in the N.R.A. and the codes." "Lack of information, and misinterpretation," the prospectus warns, "has already proved costly for many firms." For seventy dollars a year, employers can get advice on whether they must show cause for discharging an employee, on the scope and power of the National and Regional Labor Boards, on whether they must sign agreements with the boards or whether they must take a dispute before them

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wrong answer to questions like these," the prospectus warns again, "can mean a deep cut in 1934 profits."

The protective wings of the Blue Eagle, which hovered for a time over the Infants' and Children's Wear Industry in Puerto Rico, have been clipped. In a special order last week, General Johnson exempted Puerto Rican workers from the hour and wage provisions of the industry's code. The new wages to be paid, stipulated in the order, shall not be less than $2 per week for home workers doing hand sewing on hand embroidery, and not less than $3 if the work is done in a factory. This makes it possible, of course, for American manufacturers to send infants' garments, which have been cut in New York, to Puerto Rico for sewing, finishing and embroidery—at disgracefully low wages. The finished clothes are returned to the United States for sale. This practice is already a large one, and well established. Thus, one result of General Johnson's order will be to enable the industry to escape the N.R.A. restrictions on home work and sweatshop wages by continuing such exploitation in Puerto Rico. Among the firms petitioning for the exemption were Tiny Town Togs and Joseph Love, Inc. WILLIAM P. MANGOLD.

Texas Lights

I: EPHRAIM BLOUNT

NOW THAT I am back in Texas again I find that Eph is dead; and so I make a note on him. I have seen his grave there in the midst of his white folks, not far from Miss Lucy's and Miss Mary's, who were his mistresses so many years. I almost said his little grave, for he was like a marmoset, so wrinkled, so twinkling in the eyes and even sad, so small and unearthly. And I almost said Ephraim, for on his headstone there is written "Ephraim Blount," with the years of his birth and death—he was sixty-four. All that name and date is new to me: he seemed ageless, and he seemed only Eph, for the brother of my friends, they always said, found him on an ash-heap and brought him home to them. Eph's mother did not want him; his father had not come into the case, she was not sure which of her transients had been the one.

It is a long time ago now since these ladies let me take my meals with them, to save me walking miles to a boarding house. Eph constituted the service; they were not so well off as they had been. Both Miss Lucy and Miss Mary were then past seventy; and in the evening one of them was always in white lawn or lawn figured white and black, with lilac ribbons, the other in the same without the ribbons but with a cameo of Diana, in mother-of-pearl. "Ephraim," Miss Lucy would say in the parlor sometimes after supper, "now you can sit there in the corner and listen to the conversation, if you keep your mouth shut and behave yourself. Sit down now and let Mr. Young see how you can behave."

"Yes," she would add, "Eph's a good house darkey." "Shut that door, Eph," she would say at the table, "I don't want people in the street seein' down my throat." He liked that, and went flying about.

I had not been long there before Eph one day at dinner went out of the room, back through the kitchen and on out through the gate, which he left open. There must be a fire, they said, Eph always acted like that if he heard the fire horn. It would be a long time before he returned; even with the winds of the Southwest a house will not burn in time for the dessert. Sometimes Eph was in the kitchen when the fire alarm came. You could hear him crash something and run out along the gallery. "Come back here! Ephraim!" Miss Lucy would say—in what she considered a shout—and Miss Mary said, "I declare Eph is a sight, you just let there be a fire somewhere, he's a regular fire-horse. I'd better go in the kitchen and see if anything's burning up." Except for these raids when the horns sounded and the bells rang, Eph never left the lot but once a year. On Emancipation Day he went from morning until late that night to celebrations and picnics, and the ladies sat up till he got home, out of fear lest something had happened to him. For some time afterward he looked quite wild, as if there were fire horns unheard but sweeter far, within him. He did not care for shopping, and a family niece bought his clothes for him, the trousers always two or three times Eph's measure. He liked them to hang from his tiny shoulders on suspenders and to strap them into folds with a belt, before he put on his white coat and his cook's cap, which was wide and gathered and flat.

Eph cooked as God willed, but the ladies went often enough into the kitchen to see that everything was delicious. His one accomplishment so far as I know was family birthdays. He could tell you the day of the month and the year for all the family connections running back into the middle of the last century. He knew the same for all the in-laws too, even my friend's brother-in-law who was born in Dresden and had a fine enough name but one that Eph, not being able to master it, politely muffled into very odd German.

Time passed, and a few years ago Miss Lucy died and then, soon after, Miss Mary. You could not send Eph to the poorhouse and so their nephew took him in. It is an old place of red brick, with two façades of white columns, and counting the hallways, there were forty-one rooms for Eph to find his way about. The estate is on the edge of town, so that the fire alarms came less clearly. This was doubtless a good thing, because he was now too feeble to run very far, and around the house he was not asked to do any work. This nephew of Miss Mary's and Miss Lucy's is an old friend of mine, and he has told me of Eph's last days. The ailments of elderly people had come on Eph already, and the doctor at length said that there was nothing to do but send him to the hospital. My friend went along to see that everything was done as it should be. An examination was necessary and Eph was persuaded to undress for the doctors. He took off one after the other four pairs of trousers.

Three weeks later one morning at five they telephoned from the hospital that Eph was dead, and my friend called the colored undertaker and went down. But when it came to dressing him, they found that everything Eph had come there in had been stolen. There was no coat, no shirt, not one of the pairs of trousers, nothing. And so he was wrapped in a sheet and carried to the funeral parlors, and my friend went home to find a suit of his own clothes for Eph to be

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when he was a student at Yale and spent his summers traveling abroad. And so at last Eph lay in his coffin dressed in tweeds from Regent Street.

The last time I saw Eph was two summers ago when I was invited to tea with my friend and his wife. Eph, they told me, had to be allowed to serve on this occasion for old times' sake, or his feelings would be hurt. Otherwise he was too frail now to do anything, except once in a while when he herded the young turkeys about. I know, of course, that in a well run country the young turkeys would be in a fowl-run, and anybody as near an imbecile as Eph had finally grown would be shut up in an institution instead of sitting in the sun like this and having something to order around and care for. But here life is very loose, and even little, wizened old Eph could slip into it.

On the tea-table I saw countless glasses, plates of sandwiches and cakes and napkins and trays; and when they told me that Eph was being allowed to serve, I might have wondered what there was for him to serve, if it had not been for that sudden look of dismay in the lovely eyes of my hostess. She was gazing toward the far end of the parlor, where I now saw Eph creeping forward with a huge pitcher of tea, frosted all over, the ice in it clinking pitifully. He had on one of his old white caps and a frayed white jacket, and looked smaller than ever. Nobody said anything but nobody believed that the pitcher would ever get as far as the tea-table; and so I had to jump up and hurry over to him.

"Here, Eph," I said, taking it from him, "you give me that pitcher and shake hands with me."

"How you, Mr. Young? How long you go be here?"

"About two days, thank you, Eph."

"Oh, shucks, that ain' nothin'! Howcome you can' stay?"

CLARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

Social and Monopoly Medicine

SIR: As a physician and one of your constant readers, I want to express my appreciation for your comment on the medical controversy going on in Los Angeles [The New Republic, May 30]. Your comments on the situation are entirely consistent with your struggle to protect the public from monopolistic price-fixing codes. The situation, however, in the above controversy, is just a little different. I am personally in favor of a mutual health-insurance plan for workers in the lower-income groups; but there are dangers in the plan of Drs. Loos and Ross.

First: It will ultimately give Drs. Loos and Ross full monopolistic control over the practice of medicine. Certainly our past experience with private monopolies has been anything but encouraging.

Second: The practice of medicine will become a cold question of dollars and cents. The practicing physician will be put on a salary basis. This does not in itself seem alarming, but, actually, it is dangerous. Since there are more doctors than jobs for them, it would soon force physicians to compete with one another until the few lucky ones with jobs would be working for the minimum salary. I maintain that a physician under such conditions, working eight hours a day, will not and cannot have the best interests of the patient at heart. In the end the public will pay for this by receiving a much poorer brand of medical service, and the income which in the past was distributed among all doctors according to their abilities and personal attainments will gravitate to the pockets of the few like Dr. Loos and Dr. Ross.

Third: The question of responsibility. Under the large corporation clinic, the doctor owes his allegiance to the corporation in order to maintain his job. The patient's health is no more the primary object. Under our present system of medicine, physicians are still taking care of the indigent without pay. Several billions of dollars of work is contributed annually by physicians of the country to the charity clinics. Are we to believe that private corporations practising medicine are going to foster research medicine? Is a small weekly rigid salary going to be sufficient incentive so that there might develop in medical ranks men like Osler, Mayo and Crile?

At all costs, let us maintain the old patient-physician relation. This can only be maintained by guaranteeing the patient the right to choose his or her own doctor.

The practice of medicine is passing through many of the stages that all business is experiencing. A mutual health-insurance plan may be necessary in order to furnish proper medical care to the lower-income groups; but why let it fall into the hands of a few privileged doctors and laymen who happen to have money? Why of medicine? Many state medical societies are discussing the advisability of starting clinics like those of Drs. Loos and Ross of Los Angeles. Such clinics should properly be under the control of ethical medical societies. Only in this way will the public be assured of properly trained private physicians. . . . Do not let the practice of medicine become a private monopoly. If the ethical medical societies cannot or will not undertake mutual health-insurance, then let the government do it. . . .

Chicago, Ill. N. S. ZEITLIN, M.D.

Mr. Caldwell Protests

SIR: Teachers' College of Columbia University has banned two of my novels, "Tobacco Road" and "God's Little Acre." Well, what of it?

Well, a lot of it! It means, for one thing, that my struggle for honesty in writing was not completely won in May of last year when "God's Little Acre" was vindicated by the courts of New York City of charges of obscenity. It means that another book of mine, "Tobacco Road," has been misunderstood. And it means that for a writer honesty is his most difficult problem.

I have been told by those who should know that "you can get away with anything if you will be smart and write in double meaning." I suppose that advice is good enough for those who have vulgarity for sale. In the first place, I have nothing for sale; and in the second place, vulgarity is a poor substitute for obscenity. And in the third place, if the time has come when a writer is forced to clothe honesty with tricks in order to be published, then I would much rather remain unpublished.

At this point I pause to ask myself a question. Are the Columbia censors following the lead of William Lyon Phelps, who, in a published interview, after declining to say that he had read "Tobacco Road" or seen the play made from it by Jack Kirkland, announced that all of it was merely "a small boy's scribbling on a fence"?

But to continue:

Probably the thing I abhor above all else is moral and intellectual dishonesty. I am prompted to make the statement in this connection because the action of the Columbia University unit recalls an experience I had when I was attempting to get an education in a small college in South Carolina.

I was taking a course in American history. We had reached the Civil War period in our books and lectures. The professor at this point began deleting sections and pages from the text. He explained that the author of the book was a Northerner, and that he did not present the South's history in a favorable light. That was, I think, my turning point. I read every word of the

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War I could find in the library. My grade was, as I recall, 12 for the year's study.

"Tobacco Road," the play now running on Broadway, and "Tobacco Road," the novel, is, in a way, my reaction to the dishonesty of the South Carolina college which taught, by suppression and censorship, that the Southern point of view was the true version of the history of the Civil War. And, too, it is my reaction to the present-day attitude in the South of covering up any phase of life that might cast reflection upon Southern institutions and people.

It seems to me that Teachers' College of Columbia University has placed itself in an intolerable position: it has by its own act relegated a major educational institution to the level of Southern demagoguery. By presuming to suppress the story of a phase of American life, it violates one of the governing principles of education. The students of this college have enrolled to train themselves for the important role of instructing the youth of a nation. When this unit of Columbia University by example encourages future teachers to ignore an important section of the population, it follows that to ignore is to be ignorant, and likewise our own children, who will be influenced by them, will be taught to ignore and to be ignorant. These future teachers go to all parts of the nation; they will now go with prejudiced minds to your community and to mine, to teach our children that the people of Tobacco Road in Georgia are not worthy of thought or notice. This, then, is condemning thousands of people in America without trial. It is safe to say there is not a court in America that would sentence a man to extinction without first giving him a hearing. But this is exactly what Teachers' College of Columbia University has done: it has beheaded the teeming thousands of Tobacco Road by the simple method of refusing to admit their existence.

Mount Vernon, Me. ERSKINE CALDWELL.

Mr. Benét Shows His Medals

SIR: Neither would I be dismissed as a mere lover of the American comic strip, if it matters to anyone. Among my favorite dramas I may mention "Eastward Ho!," "The Tragedy of Edward II," "A Game at Chess," "Polyeucte," "Les Plaideurs," José Echegaray y Eizaguirre's "O Locura ó Santidad," "Ten Nights in a Barroom," Velez de Guevara's "La Niña de Gomez Arias," "Macbeth," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," any of Calderón's *comedias palaciegas*, "The Old Soak" and "History of the Kirk of Scotland." Proceeding *exactly* from the living basis of such plays, I say that, for the salty and basic English epidermis, the Irving Place Burlesque Theatre is a-breast, if not ahead of Shakespeare, and not only Americana but imagined, rhythmic and living.

New York City. WM. ROSE BENÉT.

An Open Letter to Thomas Mann

SIR: During Thomas Mann's visit to the United States the following letter regarding his attitude toward the Hitler government in Germany was delivered to him by registered mail. Since Mr. Mann failed to answer it, we are releasing it for publication.

New York City. HARRY SLOCHOWER.

[ENCLOSURE]

Dear Dr. Mann:

The undersigned, American critics and writers, have long followed the way of your illustrious artistic career and many of us have been strongly influenced by your work. We have been warmed by your consistent defense of individual and social freedom. We have hailed, in particular, your voluntary exile from Nazi Germany. Several years ago, you addressed an open letter to Dr. Seipel in behalf of Georg Lucasc, who was threatened with deportation from Austria. You stated then that you made the plea although you did not share Lucasc's *Weltanschauung* and social faith. In Germany today, there are scores of outstanding men who are denied the most elementary justice. In comparison with their difficulties, Lucasc's predicament was mild kept in confinement, of Thälmann, about to be tried secretly by the newly created "people's tribunal," of Ossietsky, Renn and of the many others, socialists, liberals, communists, Catholics, Protestants and Jews. We ask you on the occasion of your present visit to lend the weight of your voice in demanding:

1. The removal of the ban against the writers, intellectuals and artists who have not submitted to Nazi coördination.
2. The restoration of civic rights to all minorities, including the Jews.
3. An open, public trial for Thälmann and for other political prisoners, with free choice of attorney.
4. The liberation of those prisoners whose only crime consists in their support of a political program other than that of the Nazi party.

A statement from you will hearten those in Germany suffering from Nazi persecution. It will also help those groups in the U. S. A. who are engaged in warding off the incursion of fascism to this country.

[Signatures] Sherwood Anderson, Kenneth Burke, Robert Cantwell, John Chamberlain, Malcolm Cowley, Edward Cushing, Edward Dahlberg, Clifton Fadiman, James T. Farrell, Suzanne La Follette, Waldo Frank, Horace Gregory, Henry Hart, Henry Hazlitt, Granville Hicks, Langston Hughes, Matthew Josephson, Freda Kirchwey, Margaret Marshall, John Dos Passos, James Rorty, Paul Rosenfeld, Dagobert D. Runes, Isidor Schneider, Harry Slochower, George Soule, Clara Stillman, Lincoln Steffens, Benjamin Stolberg, Oswald Garrison Villard, Ella Winter.

New York City.

Extracts from Letters

G. A. NICHOLS of West Allis, Wisconsin, has an interpretation —not altogether his own—to make of the news from Germany, "Aren't you," he writes, "importing anti-Semitism to America by presenting an exaggerated picture of the virtues of the Jews and the depravity of the Germans? As Nathan Asch indicated in his book review in the April 18 issue of The New Republic, not all Jews are liberals or radicals." We are not aware of ever having said they were, either here or in Germany.

Anyone with spare books is invited to give them to the library of the Henry Street Settlement, 265 Henry Street, New York City. "Because of depleted funds," Mr. Benjamin Miller, librarian, writes us, "we are compelled to appeal to the public to contribute any books which may lie around on their shelves but which would be a great help to us."

The second convention of the National Unemployed League will be held at Columbus, Ohio, July 23 to 25. The Convention Arrangements Committee, 214 East Rich Street, Columbus, writes us to suggest that local and state organizations unaffiliated with the League should communicate with the committee if they wish to join the national movement and attend the convention.

"I am a 'Yankee' organizer," writes Clyde Johnson from Atlanta, Georgia, "and have not found any serious difficulty in presenting the full Communist program to the workers in the South. I've talked to white farmers, share-croppers, tenants, mill hands, foundry workers and have succeeded in getting them to agree to the full Communist program and carry that program into action. Some of these workers and farmers were members of the Ku Klux Klan, and I emphasize the 'were.' A proper explanation of the Communist program to the white workers and farmers draws them into the struggle and convinces them of its correctness." He adds further, "The Negro people are coming more and more to see Communism as the only way out. And it is significant to note that here in Atlanta at least twelve white workers have been taken into the revolutionary movement by Negro comrades in the last six months. The growing unity of white and Negro labor is

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Permanence and Change

THIS FIRST volume of Thomas Mann's trilogy[1] carries us, as down a deep shaft, to old Biblical regions across which lie peaceful and pastorally melancholy landscapes. Down into the big black hole of the past we drift, until we come upon a world that lived three thousand years ago and is now, by Orphic conjuring, made to live again. The book has about it a quality that has almost vanished from contemporary fiction. It is contemplative, or ruminant—so perhaps one could speak more intelligently of its effects after a long interim of silence during which one returned to it only in memory. One must judge Mann, not as an adept in quickly caught and quickly forgotten impressions (not as the equivalent in pure art of the methods of advertising in applied art)—his value resides rather in a subtle, patient and skillfully sustained evangelism which produces changes in us capable of developing through decades.

Mann is a very thorough writer—and surely this melancholy volume, with its astonishingly complex morality, is the end-product of his thoroughness. As one reads it, one understands the solemn note that has gained prominence in his later critical writings. It seems clear that, in a pre-scientific era, Mann would have become a priest—or still farther back, in more primitive groups, he would have taken his place in the college of elders who carefully scan the tribal archives that all new acts may be judged and shaped by precedent. Indeed, as we read this reworking of the Biblical legends clustered about Isaac, Jacob, Esau, Leah, Rachel and Joseph, we get a new understanding of the part played by precedent in the matter of human motives. In earlier days, we feel, precedent was not the purely legalistic device it has since become, a way of preventing new decisions by reference to past decisions made under different conditions and for different purposes. The reference to precedent was *revealing* rather than *obstructive*, precisely because the conditions and purposes had remained constant. Again, these precedents were not the individualized events we meet when we go back to the records of 1929 to find out what the Supreme Court ruled in the case of Johns vs. Johns. They were *mythical* precedents: they were group products—they were "right" because they took their form as a collective enterprise. They were selective and interpretative, the results of long revision at the hands of many people through many years. They were the "key" situations of the tribe that had evolved them, after all that could be forgotten had been forgotten and all that could not be forgotten had been made salient. They were not "facts," as legalistic precedents are, but communal works of art. And when the individual understood his own role by reference to them (saying, "I am like Jacob," or "This situation is like Leah's") he was being himself and a member of his group simultaneously. It is in this sense that Mann sets about to write of "people who do not know precisely who they are," and "the phenomenon of open identity which accompanies that of imitation and succession."

At least, whether one agrees with the suggestion or not, it is the feeling that one takes away with him from the reading of Mann's latest piously ironic novel. What one can do with it, I do not know. The author has simplified and idealized his point of view by eliminating attempts at modern parallels. He is not concerned with strict modern-ancient correspondences like Joyce, who would chart the new equivalents to the old wanderings of Odysseus. In the altered ways of life which technology has brought, perhaps the situations are so radically changed from those earlier pecuniary or stock-breeding days that we must abandon the attempt to understand ourselves by reference to the precedents of myth. Again, the myths are bewilderingly intermingled: they are not living art, but art in a museum. Yet even for this state of affairs, perhaps, there is a mythical parallel—for is there not everywhere the legend of the Tower of Babel that arose to confound primitive men when they were elated by such ambitions as have in recent centuries elated us, and the vast projects of building were confused by a multitude of tongues quite as our specialized vocabularies continually threaten to confuse us?

"Without passion and guilt nothing could proceed." If I chose the word "thorough" as the label that might most briefly characterize this book, it is because "Joseph and His Brothers" profoundly pursues the ramifications of this thought. The strange intermingling of kindness and cruelty which animates it could all, I believe, be shown to flow from this statement. The pervasive imagery of the pit, the phenomena of indentured service which he considers with insistence, his constant concern with the psychology of waiting, his almost fierce emphasis upon the cult of fertility, his remarks on the "upper and lower half of the sphere," his deliberate affronts to the mechanistic concepts of causality, his ironic sympathy with opportunism, his somewhat awestruck pondering on the subject of recurrence—all this, I believe, could be shown to follow, directly or indirectly, from his care as to the part which the "problem of evil" plays in the civic, or historic process. An author in search of metaphor, he makes us feel that life itself is metaphorical.

I have probably said enough to suggest that another word might replace my adjective "thorough." Mann's new book is "mystical." It brings us to the edge of things, to that fearful dropping-off place which, before the feat of Columbus, could be geographically imagined but has since usually been relegated solely to a disposition of the mind under duress, though it is brought back once more in the physical sense perhaps by the contemporary physicist's suggestion that electronic activity is like a radiation from a non-existent core (as were it to well up from some other region like water quietly moving the sand at the bottom of a spring). It is an eschatological book, dealing with the "science of last things." As such, it is disturbing, and will perhaps be rightly repudiated by happier fellows who prefer to shape their acts by contingencies alone. To live by contingencies alone is unquestionably the most comforting way to live—and contented ages have probably been those in which the concepts of duty were wholly of this specific sort, harvesting when the crops were ripe, shearing when the sheep were heavy, and coupling when the body felt the need of its counter-body. But the world of contingencies is now wholly in disarray. In our despicable economic structure, to do the things thus immediately required of us is too often to do despicable things. It is at such times, I

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generalized, and attempts at defining the "ultimate vocation" seem most apropos. Mann's new book is written in this spirit. KENNETH BURKE.

Craven and a Man of Art

Modern Art: the Men, the Meaning, the Movement, by Thomas Craven. New York: Simon and Schuster. 400 pages, illustrated. $3.75.

Portrait of America, by Diego Rivera, with an explanatory text by Bertram D. Wolfe. New York: Covici-Friede. 232 pages, illustrated. $3.50.

THERE are two ways to have the time of one's life writing a book. One is to air one's enthusiasms; the other is to air one's grudges. Both are likely to bore everybody but the writer. Mr. Craven devotes a good half of his "Modern Art" to airing his grudges, and it is a tribute to the picturesqueness of his invective that one is not bored —much. But his way of expressing his dislikes is sometimes so unfair as to be embarrassing. Take this passage on Matisse as a random example: "He remarked recently that the purchasers of his paintings did not always understand them. 'How could they, when I don't understand many of the paintings myself?' He meant, I take it, that he sometimes wondered whether there was any meaning to be gathered from elaborate and recondite dabbling." The explanation is gratuitous, of course, and its purpose is only too obvious. And he does this sort of thing so often that it assumes the importance of a method.

The method defeats itself. Instead of persuading you to the author's point of view, it leaves you wishing you might break a lance or two for the other side. You may not care for the Bohemia of Paris or any other town—what's left of it—but you rather resent being told that all its men are wastrels and its women prostitutes. And if you have harbored uncharitable sentiments against France and its inhabitants because of a too personal experience of the famous French *politesse,* the violence of Mr. Craven's sentiments restores you to a state of Christian benevolence.

Mr. Craven studied art in Paris, and one gathers that he returned home disenchanted. He closes a passage on the licentiousness of France, and of the Latin Quarter in particular, with these words: "And the young man who goes to Paris for art's sake, goes for the personal freedom of which art has been made the symbol. That freedom, and not art, shall remove gnawing restraints, satisfy unfulfilled longings, and enable him to live as every young man burns to live, and cannot live anywhere else. That is the secret in his heart."

Well, hardly, to judge by the record, the secret in the heart of William Morris Hunt, George Inness, Olin Levi Warner, George Grey Barnard, Thomas Eakins or Maurice Prendergast, to mention only a few American artists who went to Paris for art's sake while Bohemia was at its most Bohemian. These men brought back from Paris what they took with them, as any ordinary tourist does. And what they took with them was a sincere devotion to art and the desire to learn as much as they could about it. No doubt many students have gone to Paris with the motives that Mr. Craven attributes to all of them; and no doubt they too have brought back what they took with them. Mr. Craven takes the "little people," both bourgeois and Bohemian, too seriously.

Perhaps he also takes nationalism in art a bit too seriously. Art has always been pretty indifferent to frontiers. Mr. Craven demands that American artists [illegible] American scene. They have always done so. The Hudson River school devoted itself lovingly to the American scene, and so did the genre painters of that period. Today their works are being removed from the walls of our museums to the lumber-rooms. They were local, all right, but they weren't very good art because, to borrow from Mr. Craven a phrase that he did not use in this connection, "art cannot mature in an environment which grants it no cultivation." The men who redeemed our art from the thin banalities of the middle nineteenth century did it by going for inspiration and instruction to an environment that has granted cultivation to art for many centuries. If certain of our artists today are producing pictures that are both American and art, they owe it largely to a long line of artists who have gone to Paris for art's sake.

Mr. Craven has some illuminating things to say about modern art. As a painter, he is able to write with an authority that the critic lacking that training does not possess. And his estimate of the contribution of modernism to art seems to this reviewer a just one. But when he comes to discuss individual artists he is at the mercy of his prejudices and not to be taken too seriously. Nor is there need to be stirred up when he assumes the role of Cassandra to the moderns. Modernism is indeed in the way to become an academic convention; it has indeed attracted to its standards a great many pseudo-artists, silly esthetes and gushing bourgeois hangers-on. Such is the fate of all movements in art when they begin to be absorbed into the general cultural heritage. It does not disturb the real artists. They are in the vanguard; the dust kicked up by the camp followers does not blind them.

Among the leaders of the vanguard is Diego Rivera, whose frescoes in this country have just been published in "Portrait of America," a book of excellent photographic reproductions with an introduction by the artist and an explanatory text by Bertram D. Wolfe. Rivera takes a fling at the esthetes now and then, but they don't really worry him; and the bourgeoisie concern him less as sentimental fanciers of art than as oppressors of the working class. He is avowedly painter to the workers of the world, and the object of his pictures is to educate them for their revolutionary role.

A painter with such an intention, working in a bourgeois society and chiefly in public places, must inevitably arouse bitter controversy. No other painter of our time has won so many loyal friends and devoted enemies as Rivera. He loves his friends, no doubt; but he also loves his enemies—not in obedience to the Christian injunction, but because he loves a fight. "I preserve a beautiful memory of this 'Battle of Rockefeller Center,'" he says, and means it. For the battle appealed to that sense of the dramatic which makes him such a powerful painter of the social struggle. It is this sense of the dramatic that enables him to see in modern industrial civilization esthetic values that are lost upon the atrophied imaginations of the academic mural painters who conceive of esthetic significance as residing in Greek draperies or medieval stage properties. It taught him also that the real meaning of American history lay not in the lives of the men who are glorified in school texts, Fourth-of-July oratory, and the newspapers, but in the long struggle of the American people against being exploited through their so-called democratic institutions. Therefore his portrait of America is a radical portrait—quite as radical indeed as Mr. Wolfe's text, which has been attacked by critics who understand words better than they do pictures.

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art. It would be hard to find more beautiful painting than that in some of the details reproduced in this book—of the so-called "holy family" panel in Detroit, for example, or the machinery in which he sees so much beauty. In the panels at the New Workers' School he set himself the difficult problem of imposing esthetic order upon masses of human figures, and he has succeeded where any but a master must have failed. The propagandist content of Rivera's work may one day be forgotten, but its artistic quality will be a perpetual reminder that our time produced a great artist. The publishers are to be commended for having made his work available, and at such a moderate price.

SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE.

Slaves of Steel

Labor and Steel, by Horace B. Davis. New York: International Publishers. 304 pages. $2.

THIS IS a book that no one interested in American labor can afford to miss. The subject is an old one; perhaps no other industry has been more surveyed and resurveyed than steel. Yet the conditions under which steel is made—how the steel workers live and the wages they are paid—are only a vague story to most Americans, and this in spite of the fact that the social health of the country as a whole is partly determined and always registered by what goes on in the steel towns.

> The steel industry is not only a basic industry—it is the key industry of the nation. Dominated by a single firm, which in turn is directly controlled by the leading financial interests in this country, steel expresses in industry the policy of the American financial oligarchy. This is why employers and business men look to see what steel is doing and adjust their policies accordingly. *This is why the wage rate set by the United States Steel corporation for its unskilled labor is the most important single wage rate in American industry.*

According to the last census report, some 822,000 wage earners and 70,500 salaried workers, office employees and executives (the figures include the unemployed) were dependent upon steel and subsidiary industries for their living. These are the subjects of a state within a state, greater than some principalities, making laws totally different from and at variance with the democratic institutions of this country.

The industry, seeking to dominate the workers' lives until they are reduced to a state of near-peonage, overlooks no device by which this may be brought about. Espionage and terrorization by the coal and iron police are practised generally. Forced trading at the company stores—by which means a worker is kept in perpetual debt—is prevalent, especially in the South; and the worst abuses confronting the share-cropper are introduced into industry. In the company towns no movies may be shown, no teacher, preacher or public official may be hired, of whom the employers disapprove. Since organization of the workers into real labor unions is a specter that the steel barons fight with every means in their power, even the welfare work and safety devices introduced into the plants are manipulated in such a way as to cause strife between the workers. The mixing of races, the substitution of Negroes for whites—all these methods are employed so that the workers may be divided and the steel masters rule.

The conditions under which the workers of this despotism live are what might be expected. Because of unemployment frightful overcrowding; tuberculosis and pneumonia are prevalent. The industry itself is by nature dangerous, accidents being terrible and frequent and sudden death near at all times. A steel worker of twenty has seven years less life to expect than his white-collar brother. If he is unskilled help, he pays from 30 to 50 percent higher rates for his life insurance.

As the work tends to require less brawn, owing to the introduction of mechanical speed-up devices, it becomes more nerve-racking and harder to get. By 1933 there were no people working *on full time* in the industry. They work on the stagger system, by which the laborers support each other and bear the entire cost of unemployment. Bad as conditions were at all times during the past years, the steel workers' plight has now become almost as deplorable as that of the coal miners.

The pages of this book describing what has happened to the workers during the depression, as well as those dealing with armaments and steel, are of especial interest; but the book's major implications extend beyond the years of the depression. It becomes in a way prophetic. "Steel," says the author, "expresses in industry the policy of the American financial oligarchy"; the union-crushing and enslaving policies that have been developed by this industry during this period of unemployment will be studied and evaluated by employers everywhere. And in this hint of their wider application in the future there is foreshadowed a state of peonage for the workers of America, a condition of virtual slavery toward which the depression has greatly accelerated their progress.

MARY HEATON VORSE.

In Praise of Chaucer

Geoffrey Chaucer and the Development of His Genius, by John Livingston Lowes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 246 pages. $2.50.

ONE STRANGE thing about Chaucer is that we think we understand him when we have barely penetrated within the outer circle of his genius. My students sometimes tell me, upon entering my class, that they think of the poet as "a nice old man with a dry sense of humor." The difficulty in getting further is twofold: Chaucer's world was very unlike our own; his genius was infinitely complex and subtle. He can be loved from mere casual reading; but for a real understanding of his genius and his art such a book as that of Professor Lowes prepares the way.

In this book there is perhaps a plethora of some matters and a dearth of others. Some detail might have been spared in the cosmogony and in the analysis of Chaucer's sources, and even of his own poems, to make room for a chapter on Chaucer's London. But the material used is presented with a richness of suggestive and happy associations that makes the reading of it a continual stimulus to the imagination. And throughout it reveals, as it should do, that although much is given, it is no more than the outcrop of a wide and deep understanding of Chaucer.

Not the least of the fine qualities of the book is the unobtrusiveness of its sound and judicial scholarship. Some statements are, of course, questionable. Was it not until 1373 that Italy came into Chaucer's life? In a London where one man in every dozen or so was an Italian, where small Buliettis played in the timber piles of Thames Street, where men like the merchant of Portinari, kinsman of

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how could Chaucer have escaped some earlier knowledge of the language and literature?

In his biographical account Mr. Lowes has succeeded in creating a living figure from the dead-bone facts in the Public Records. Certain picturesque details he has, whether intentionally or not, omitted. Did he not, for instance, observe that Machaut, by his own account, must have been at Calais when Chaucer was there in 1360? Or remember that Froissart was the Queen's secretary at a time when Chaucer was at court? Or consider the implications when Chaucer and Ralph Strode stood together to restrain John Hende from berserker rage in some feud? Or note that within the two blank years, 1386-8, Chaucer had protection to go to Calais in the retinue of Sir William de Beauchamp, his friend, Sir Philip la Vache being captain of the castle?

In regard to the possible identification of the Pilgrims, Mr. Lowes is wisely conservative: the evidence is not all in. Yet there is a record of Harry Bailly at the Custom House in Chaucer's time; and there are records of Hodge of Ware that would have made it hard for Chaucer's friends not to believe that the Cook was as real as the Host. And as for the Shipman (not John Hawley, of course; if anyone, Peter Risshenden, master of the barge), the "Maudelayne" was a fine barge that conveyed royalty, and also she had probably been mixed up in a case of piracy that was talked about in Chaucer's circle from 1386 to 1394 and longer. Whether Risshenden or not, the Shipman came very close to real experiences. And this, in general, is true of the identifications, as Mr. Lowes perhaps would admit, even while reserving final judgment.

It is a pity that he was not equally noncommittal in speaking of the general plan of "The Canterbury Tales." The work is not in any sense a "splendid torso," not in any sense an "organic whole." It was left as a shelfful of stories, revised and unrevised, often not adapted to narrator or audience, linked and unlinked and doubly linked, with their order so far undetermined that the several editing scribes at once disagreed and continued to disagree fundamentally. That all these facts may not be sufficiently clear without detailed study of the manuscripts is perhaps true; it does not follow that judgment of Chaucer's genius should be based on the old premises.

Mr. Lowes's analysis of Chaucer's art is masterly—yet one-sided. In his enthusiasm he forgets or is unwilling to admit that Chaucer at his worst is as bad as Lydgate at his best. What will happen to the young enthusiast who, fired by his zest, dips into his Chaucer—it might happen—at the Monk's Tale or the Manciple's? We may hope that some of Chaucer's bad work was due to royal suggestion amounting to command; but it is there and must be admitted, even though the admission blurs a little, in the interest of truth, the splendor of Chaucer's achievement. Take, again for example, the "Duchess." How can it be "a Portrait of a Lady unmatched . . . save by Dante in medieval poetry" when we know that it is largely patched together from illustrations in earlier rhetorics designed to show how description and exposition should be written? Marvelous as is Chaucer's art at its best, scarcely less to be wondered at is the long road he traveled from the "Complaint to Pity" to the Cat on the Farmhouse Bench and the Old man in Flanders who met the Rioters seeking Death. This phase of Chaucer's development might perhaps have been more strongly stressed.

But the book as a whole is one to be read and digested, not merely by students but by all lovers of literature. It cannot fail to be enjoyed. EDITH RICKERT

Blessed are the Cranebuilders

Out of Chaos, by Ilya Ehrenbourg. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $2.50.

ON THE north there was an ancient forest; on the south were endless miles of nothing. And here to the Siberian waste came technicians from Germany and the U. S. A.. came leaders from Moscow, skilled workers from Great Russia, almost savage Tartars and Kalmucks, Young Communists, unemployed miners from Westphalia and Silesia, plain enthusiasts and even sectarian preachers —two hundred thousand men and women; with minds fixed away from hardship and from cold and concentrated in an ultimate of strain to build a steel plant, a thing to be called The Giant. They had no other instincts, emotions, feelings, wants; they had no inner life, and no expression but a collective one, represented in another blast furnace built, in the erection of another crane of steel. To this city of and for the future came a minor Christ, Volodia, who felt the pain of living and wondered about the inner meaning of it all, an esthete and humanitarian who "did not believe that a blast furnace was more beautiful than Venus." He suffered and he shuddered, and he was very honest and sincere. But all Christs, even gentle ones, are dangerous, because they affect and influence others not so gentle; and Volodia, who himself never hurt a fly, became the unknowing instigator of a whole series of acts of sabotage that only ceased when he disappeared, evidently to kill himself. . . .

The experiment of setting a character out of Dostoevsky into modern Russia is interesting, but this book is not primarily a character study. It is the story of a collective idea crystalizing itself into a roaring giant of stone, concrete and steel. After having read the book the feeling is: Yes, Volodia is a tragic figure; but he is only one. Here are two hundred thousand others, and when The Giant has been built and all men have enough to eat and can lean back, they will be more attuned to beauty, they will live in a more beautiful world. NATHAN ASCH.

Black Capital

The Rise of the British Coal Industry, by John U. Nef. The University of Chicago Press. 2 vols. 960 pages. $15.

THIS BOOK covers the history of the coal industry in Great Britain to the year 1700; it ends about one hundred years before the time when, as we have been brought up to believe, the significance of coal in human affairs began. And it not only discloses the fact that coal played an enormously important part in the economic development of Britain before the so-called Industrial Revolution, but also that it was in large measure responsible for an industrial revolution that antedated the conventionally accepted one by nearly two centuries.

Dr. Nef has been able to show that the production and consumption of coal in Great Britain expanded proportionately more rapidly during the second half of the sixteenth century than in any subsequent fifty years before 1850. He attributes this in large measure to the rapid depletion of the supply of firewood, followed by the discovery that both for industrial and for domestic purposes coal in most cases offered a satisfactory substitute. And so it was that instead of a fuel shortage, Britain found herself in possession of what appeared to be an inexhaustible fuel supply. The stimulating effect of this discovery upon the growth of

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voked by the mechanical inventions of the late eighteenth century. Indeed, he is disposed to argue that the later industrial revolution proceeded naturally out of the earlier one, and that the development of the British coal fields in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries goes far to explain the ease with which England took the lead in the spectacular industrial development of the nineteenth century.

Not only did the coal fields supply fuel; they supplied also the pattern for industrial organization. By reason of the fact that the coal industry developed quickly, it very largely escaped the trammels of medieval guild restrictions. By reason of the fact that both the mining and the transporting of coal inevitably necessitated a large capital investment, it lent itself readily to a capitalistic economy. In no other English industry do we get so early and so completely all the outstanding characteristics of what we now call big business. The absentee owner, the paid manager, the exploited worker, were all of them present almost from the start. If the joint stock company was lacking, the regulated company, as exemplified in the Hostmen of Newcastle and the Woodmongers of London, served the same purpose, employed the same tactics and stood in about the same relation to the wage earner and the consumer.

Dr. Nef is no mere antiquarian. He has sat at the feet of Professor Tawney and has looked at the early history of coal from the point of view of one well aware of what its later history has been. The questions he asks about it are the questions the student of contemporary problems wants to ask. But Dr. Nef's answers are based upon research of the most painstaking and scholarly character. Being an American, he has been able to approach his subject with a certain detachment that modern English economic historians, reared in an atmosphere of incessant controversy over the coal question, can hardly attain. He has made no public commitments. He has no particular inducement to distort the record of the past for partisan purposes. What he finds, that he sets down, clearly, judiciously and, one is almost tempted to add, finally. The discovery of new evidence may add to his story or correct it in detail but can hardly change it in any essential particular.

CONYERS READ.

Miss Wald

Windows on Henry Street, by Lillian D. Wald. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 348 pages. $3.

MUCH HAS happened since Miss Wald wrote "The House on Henry Street" in 1915. From the Henry Street Settlement she has seen the effects of "war, peace, boom, depression, the Russian revolution and prohibition"; and partly as the result of her later experiences, this new book is more interesting than her earlier one. She tells us that "Windows on Henry Street" is in no sense an autobiography, and it gives no chronological list of her activities and achievements, but through its pages the reader will come to know Lillian Wald.

What she omits to say will interest those who know her work. She has really great administrative ability. The Henry Street Nursing Service, which is known and respected wherever the public health nurse has penetrated, and the success of the Henry Street Settlement are evidence of this. But she does not regard herself as an executive; she does not write as an administrator to other administrators; she takes administrative skill for granted. She is an extraordinarily useful member of committees and commissions—whom the fire neither of genius nor of devotion has a func-

cessfully on a neighborhood committee as with a city, a national or an international group. She gives us an instance of leadership in a very brief account of the remarkable correlation that she brought about of all the nursing resources —public and private, professional and practical—of New York City during the flu epidemic in the winter of 1918 and 1919. The chapter on the "Child and the Law" indicates the part she played in the development of the New York Juvenile Court.

Miss Wald has led and supported many social reforms. But social reform has not been the mainspring of her years of service. Like most settlement residents, as the reader of this book will discover, Lillian Wald has an affectionate interest in people and a capacity for friendship that is as unusual as her administrative competence. Injustice, intolerance, cruelty, incompetence in the government here or in any part of the world she discovers affecting the lives of neighbors who are her friends. Her initial interest in the care of the sick was inevitably broadened to include poverty, destitution, bad housing and industrial exploitation as she encountered them in the Henry Street District and other parts of the United States and the world.

The chapters on "People Who have Crossed Our Threshold," "Givers and Their Gifts" and "The Lean Years" are full of her friends—not all of them poor and humble. On the contrary, many among them are rich and powerful. Presidents, Governors, Prime Ministers, mayors, labor leaders, as well as Henry Street neighbors, have looked with her through these Windows. The chapter on "Prohibition" is one of the best. The present unpopularity of that experiment in social control does not prevent her from pointing out what it did for the young people of Henry Street.

To the general reader, Miss Wald explains in her final chapter that those who are seeking to promote social reforms are not a dull and dreary crowd. Certainly Miss Wald herself belongs in no such category. Although she has chosen to spend forty years on the Lower East Side of New York City, her capacity for pleasure, for the enjoyment of life has been enriched by service. Young people still regard her as a gay and handsome companion. This new book of hers will be enjoyed by her old friends everywhere and it should bring her many new ones.

GRACE ABBOTT.

Books in Brief

James Joyce and the Making of Ulysses, by Frank Budgen. New York: Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. 325 pages. $2.50.

BUDGEN, painter and attaché pro tem of the British wartime consular service, met and rubbed consciousnesses with Joyce the writer during the Alpine phase of the creation of "Ulysses." His book is about both Joyce and his work, as its title indicates, and it includes contributions in the author's own medium in the shape of a portrait of Joyce and four illustrations for Joyce's epic.

Budgen's text is composed of paragraphs of interesting anecdote and pages of synopsis, malinterpretation and irrelevant elaboration. To him it seems that Joyce's portrait of the wedge-brained, trap-jawed, tightwad Deasy, cheater of the gifted, smug hater of the oppressed, is done with delicacy and sympathy, in conformity with the writer's assumed respect for age. He decides that Marion Bloom is shrewd, humorous and willful, though it is obvious that—as the Thersites of Kiernan's bar says—she is a "fat heap," for

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seat of her consciousness. The desperately defiant character of Stephen's exertions against agenbite of inwit, in the Proteus episode, is utterly missed.

Budgen, throwing his major emphasis in interpretation upon the "all-round" character of Bloom, completely overlooks the more dramatic implications that lay before him at Zürich. While Joyce labored there with his epic-epitaph of a world that was passing, Lenin waited silently at Zürich's Café Odeon, heard his summons, and left in his locked train to take part in bringing a new world to birth.

M. G.

Alice James: Her Brothers, Her Journal. Edited with an introduction by Anna Robeson Burr. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 253 pages. $2.50.

The journal of an invalid American spinster, living in Leamington and London in the late eighties and early nineties, would not in the abstract be a very inviting affair. But the spinister in question, Alice James, turns out to have been a person who cannot be described simply as a daughter or a sister, and her journal proves to be quite unpredictably interesting. There was a great fund of imaginative intelligence in the James-Walsh inheritance, and the neurasthenic but courageous and witty Alice came into her full share of it. Miss Burr's book is worth having partly, of course, because of the light it throws, here and there, on Alice James's two eminent and two obscure brothers—the glimpses one gets of the unhappy careers of Robertson and Wilkinson James, for example, have a real effect on the picture of Henry James's expatriation—but its main appeal lies in the mind and personality of the woman who wrote the journal: in some of her insights, some of her assessments of nineteenth-century humbug, Alice James went beyond either of her eminent brothers, and her judgments on the social history of her day have now the air of something like divinations.

N. A.

English Political Thought in the Nineteenth Century, by Crane Brinton. London: Ernest Benn, Limited. 312 pages. 12 shillings.

Mr. Brinton has written an unpretentious but eminently useful book, rich in information and enlivened by humor. He admits that the history of political ideas in the grand manner proceeds by the topical method of grouping material around some central theme or unifying movement. For himself he chooses the more modest plan of approaching his subject through the human beings who are the actual sources of ideas. Thus he gives us a summary of the political thought of a score of men from Bentham to Benjamin Kidd, with quotations admirably selected to present the essential elements of the system of each. The only criticism to be made is that Mr. Brinton has omitted several figures, such as Matthew Arnold, T. H. Huxley, and John Ruskin, who seem to belong in the picture.

R. M. L.

Bacon, by Charles Williams. New York: Harper and Brothers. 318 pages. $3.50.

Mr. Williams holds the view of Bacon's importance as an intellectual pioneer that modern research has exploded, and he endeavors, without conspicuous success, to defend his hero from the accusations of treachery and time-serving. His book is written in a turgid pseudo-poetic style, and the intrigues in which Bacon was involved are described in such detail that the main facts of his career are almost submerged. It will scarcely be of interest to scholars, since it offers no new facts or interpretations of importance; and for the general reader it will not supersede Miss Burr's

Striplings, by N. Warner Hooke. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

Half the charm of this novel lies in its disrespectful approach toward a subject that has been drenched with respect. Here is a narrative that attempts no profound dissection of childhood, heaves no superfluous sighs over the pains of youth, yet achieves an impression of fine sensitivity in delineating the relationship between two children who are brought up together. No worse brats were probably ever conceived in fiction than Biff and Netta, who had the same mother but different fathers. What makes them particularly devastating and entertaining is the breath-taking frankness they bring into play every time they want to annoy someone, or satisfy their abnormal curiosity. Tom Sawyer or Penrod, whose curiosity never seemed to get focused along such biological lines, would have been shocked by some of their escapades. No less extraordinary than the children are Georgina, their energetic mother, who is more interested in fox-hunting than she is in them or in her house; and Uncle Pi, her lover, who hangs around the place long enough to pay some of the bills and be instrumental in Netta's birth. As the story progresses, the family gets poorer, the house shakier, and the children more terrible. "Striplings" is an amusing book, so much so that the reader is likely to resent the heavy note of tragedy introduced in the last few chapters.

J. M.

Contributors

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The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of Murray Godwin, Newton Arvin, Robert Morss Lovett, Henry Rumford Parke and [illegible]

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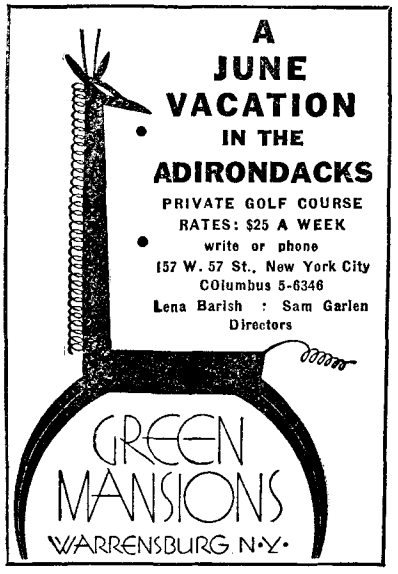

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BIOGRAPHICAL DATA

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